

JANUARY 23, 1956

SPORTS

ED

28 CENTS
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IN THIS ISSUE
SKIING ON
MOUNT HOOD

JEAN BELIVEAU
MONTREAL HOCKEY



SMART MAN STARTS NEW DAY WITH

ROBLEE®

The open-collar feeling in leather



Makes a good combination—We don't mean the necktie and the shoes. We mean the way these Roblee Cushion-Flex Shoes combine comfort and good looks.

That's not so easy to do. You know you can usually spot a "comfort shoe" a mile off. Looks clinical and forbidding. Not this shoe though. You can see that for yourself. The built-in comfort features are strictly between you and Roblee as far as appearance goes.

That name, Cushion-Flex, just about tells the whole inside story. Both the inner and

the outer-soles are extremely flexible. Between the two soles is a lining of foamed rubber for a cushion at the heel and a cushion at the ball of the foot. Not at the arch though. That's where you need support and firm support is what you get. This combination of cushioning and firmness, properly placed, makes the Cushion-Flex feel comfortable the first time you put the shoes on your feet. No breaking in, of course.

Your Roblee Dealer has these good-looking Cushion-Flex Shoes . . . straight tip like those

you see here and moccasin types and wing tips too. Roblee Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

CUSHION-FLEX

By **ROBLEE** 

\$15.95

Other Roblee styles \$10.95 to \$16.95, Higher Denver: West

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The top team in a land where hockey is the national sport, these hard-hitting giants of the ice are currently the sweetest of sights to Canadian eyes. Four pages in COLOR by HY PERKIN

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A rookie coach and two stars named Maurice and Jean are the triple threat of Les Canadiens. WHITNEY TOWER takes a close-in look at the reasons why this team is the favorite in the National League race

18 BOB KIPHUTH AND HIS UNSINKABLE YALES

Last week the Yale swimming team won its 131st dual meet in a row. ALFRED WRIGHT takes you to the event—and backstage to meet Coach Kiphuth, the most successful conditioner of athletes for miles around

26 CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: ROCKY MARCIANO

The heavyweight champion is visited at his home in Brockton, Mass. by JOAN FLYNN DREYFUS for an intimate word picture of his warm family life, his mistresses, friends—and thoughts on his career

33 THE MUSKRAT: ROGUE OF THE MARSHES

As the second of its series on nature subjects by the late DR. WILLIAM J. LONG, SI proudly presents the story of *Muskrat*, the light-fingered and amphibious marauder

48 HOW TIMBERLINE OVERCAME LAST YEAR'S SCANDAL

The first full account of the near-death of Mt. Hood's great lodge and its recovery under the enterprising new management of a young social worker. IN COLOR

THE DEPARTMENTS:

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19 **Boxing:** MARTIN KANE travels to Toronto for an exhibition of Empire fighters and concludes that Marciano can rest easy

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45 **Basketball:** ROY TERRELL discusses San Francisco's loss of K. C. Jones and summarizes the week's events elsewhere

56 **Sporting Look:** This year Oriental fashions are bursting on the American scene with dramatic effect, as this two-page picture in COLOR shows

55 **Snow Patrol:** MORT LUND rounds up snow conditions in resorts all over

58 **Ski Tip:** FRIEDL PRUEFER, U.S. Olympic team coach, proffers some timely reminders of etiquette on slope and trail



COVER: JEAN BELIVEAU

Photograph by Hy Perkin

As a youngster in Victoriaville, Quebec, the dark-haired debonair young French Canadian on this week's cover displayed an aptitude for baseball and hockey. Handsome, easy-going Jean Beliveau finally chose hockey, and today the 24-year-old center of the Montreal Canadiens is fulfilling all the expectations of experts who envisioned him as one of those rare skating phenom-noms which turn up on the hockey scene once in a decade. For four pages of color photographs of Les Canadiens, the season's best hockey team, turn to page 13, and for more about Jean Beliveau and his illustrious teammates, see page 17.

Acknowledgments on page 60

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

PREVIEW: THE WINTER OLYMPICS

Fifteen pages, eight of them in full color, of the contestants, the events, the trails, runs, rinks, and jumps; plus a word portrait of Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee

THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

It is now possible to spot the man: a skillful 21-year-old boxer whose punches "leave you for dead." He may meet Rocky Marciano later this year. Paul O'Neil takes you to meet him now

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATED

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

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AT 7 A.M. Tuesday, January 3 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED began to roll off the presses at its regular time to start its regular way to newsstands and subscribers. Many of our readers have written to comment with appreciation and some surprise on the fact that this issue arrived complete with accounts of the bowl games. One of them, the Rose Bowl, had concluded only 11 hours and 25 minutes before the presses began to run.

Closings like this and the split-second coordination over thousands of miles between reporter, writer, editor and printer which they require are of course essential to a weekly magazine which reports news. And the bowl games are only one of many instances in which SI's trained journalists have been able to bring full and authoritative reports on last-minute events to readers while they were news and not a pleasant memory.

In our very first issue, in fact, with Paul O'Neil's account of the Mile of the Century in Vancouver, SI made an auspicious start in meeting this responsibility. Despite the pressing deadline against which it was written, the story captured so well the facts and the significance of the unprecedented race that it was at once acclaimed a classic among sports stories.

I think you will be interested to know that SI has made special arrangements to airlift next week's issue to Cortina. There the magazine and its PREVIEW of the Winter Olympic Games, which begin next Thursday, will be in the hands of the members of the American team even before they take off on Cortina's slopes. SI will fly again the following week to give our athletes their first account in English of what they, as well as all the other teams, have been doing in the Games—at the same time that you will be reading it here.

For one American at Cortina, next week's SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will have particular interest. He is Avery Brundage, president of the International Olympic Committee, who will see for the first time the article on himself written by SI's Robert Creamer. Throwing new light on a man who has long been a dominant and controversial figure in amateur sport, it is a fine example of how SI brings to events like the Olympics the background which lets the news fall smoothly in place.



AVERY BRUNDAGE

Handwritten signature of H. H. S. Phillips Jr.



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a lot
to like:

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-flavor
-flip-top box

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THE NEW FILTER CIGARETTE FROM PHILIP MORRIS

**NEW
FLIP-TOP BOX**

Firm to keep
cigarettes from
crushing.
No tobacco in
your pocket.



Thank a new recipe for the man-size flavor.
It comes full through the filter with an easy draw.
Thank the Flip-Top Box for the neatest cigarette package
you ever put in your pocket or purse. Popular filter price.

(MADE IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, FROM A NEW PHILIP MORRIS RECIPE)

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



George Mikan, voted player of the half century before he retired in 1954 to become general manager of Minneapolis, took "old No. 99" out of mothballs, returned to try to bolster fading Lakers, scored 21 points in first two games.



Katy Rodolph, pretty U.S. skier from Reno, Nev., flipped and crashed into tree on treacherous slope in Hahnenkamm meet at Kitzbühel, Austria, suffered broken vertebrae in neck, will be unable to compete in Winter Olympics at Cortina.

BOXING

Pascual Perez, fast-moving little Argentinian, hammered Challenger Leo Espinoza with potent rights, knocked him down in ninth, went on to retain world flyweight title in 15-round bout 23,000 in Buenos Aires' Luna Park.

Johnny Holman, run-of-the-mill Chicago heavyweight, surprised glass-chinned Bob Satterfield (but not smart bettors whose late flood of money shifted odds on Satterfield from 2-1 to 6-5), floored his home-town rival in second and third, finished him off with right hook in eighth round at Chicago (see page 12).

International Boxing Guild and New York chapter, in particular, continued withering process as they were hit with new blows by federal grand jury and National Boxing Association. The developments:

New York chapter, except for few diehards who control treasury, began to disintegrate, as most managers resigned to comply with Commissioner Julius Helland's Jan. 15 deadline.

Federal grand jury in Cleveland handed down antitrust indictments against International Guild, President Charley Johnston and Treasurer Honest Bill Daly, Ohio Guild and its president, Al Del Monte, accused defendants of organizing boycott

of studio television bouts, set preliminary hearing for Jan. 20.

NBA backed up Helland's ban on Guild, passed resolution recommending that member states recognize suspensions imposed by New York State (see page 10).

BASKETBALL

San Francisco's fabulous Dons, with Bill Russell playing only part-time, romped over Santa Clara 74-56, Fresno State 69-39 to run winning streak to 19, tying major college mark set by LIU in 1936, then sat back to enjoy two-week rest.

Darson remained unbeaten but only after Carlisle forced Flyers to overcome 17-point deficit to win 82-73.

North Carolina State, Vanderbilt, Kentucky, Duke, Illinois, North Carolina, Temple and Holy Cross also came through with victories in attempt to keep pace with No. 1 San Francisco.

Farmar's jump-shooting Darrell Floyd piled up 65 points as team trounced The Citadel 112-68; Kentucky's Bob Burrow scored 50 to help Wildcats win LSU 147-65; North Carolina's Lemmie Rousebush tallied 45 as Tar Heels got by Clemson 103-99 in double overtime (for other college basketball news, see page 45).

Philadelphia pulled steadily away from field in Eastern Division of NBA, losing only to Boston 104-103 in five games, held comfortable 4½-game lead over second-place Celtics. Ft. Wayne overwhelmed Boston 165-89, split pair with rising Minneapolis (who had George Mikan back in uniform), still led Rochester by three full games in Western Division.

FOOTBALL

Hugh Devere, onetime Notre Dame end who has coached at six colleges, scrubbed to eloquent postscript by National Football League President Bert Bell, agreed to leave special Dayton post for head coaching job with Philadelphia Eagles because it offered "better economic deal" for his large family (wife and six children), promptly brood poorly Steve Owen, longtime New York Giant coach, as one of his assistants.

Co-owner Tony Morabito, seeking to pull San Francisco 49ers out of NFL doldrums, came up with his third coach in as many seasons: Frankie Albert, left-handed T formation quarterback wizard who starred for Stanford and 49ers and still holds pro record of 29 touchdown passes in single season.

Offie Matson, Chicago Cardinals star, ran back kickoff 91 yards for touchdown, scored another on 15-yard run as East

squered past West 31-30 in Pro Bowl game before 37,867 at Los Angeles.

HOCKEY

New York and Detroit picked up valuable ground, moving within reach of National Hockey League lead as Montreal went into tailspin. Rangers started Canadians on downgrade with 6-1 victory, bowed to streaking Detroit 6-0 but came back to beat Toronto 6-3, Chicago 2-0, were only seven points out of first place at week's end. Detroit beat Chicago 3-1, Montreal 2-0, trailed Rangers by only three points. Boston also got into act, borrowed emergency goalie Claude Provost from Montreal, promptly squashed Canadiens 2-0 to break 8-game losing streak.

BRIDGE

French six-man team, captained by Gentleman Farmer Roger Trezel, caught American squad off balance with aggressive and shifting strategy, played their cards right to win near-silent but bitter fight for world championship, 342 match points to 288, at Paris.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff slogged through driving rain to post fine 68 on last round, finished with record-breaking 202 for 34 holes to win Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur at Pebble Beach, Calif. (see page 12).

MILEPOSTS

RE-ELECTED—George D. Widener, chairman of Jockey Club, Amory L. Haskell, president of United Horse Racing Association; Walter R. Devereaux, president of National Horse Show Association; Whitney Stone, president of U.S. Equestrian Team; Henry S. Morgan, president of North American Yacht Racing Union.

DIED—Leroy Joseph Nelson, 18, promising young jockey; of brain injuries incurred when mount stumbled during race at Agua Caliente in San Diego, Calif.

DEED Sam Langford, scoundrel, boxing's famed "Boston Tar Baby," who was blind from eye injuries suffered in ring, a 162-pounder regarded by many as one of the ring's greatest fighters although he never held title despite 642 bouts against all comers (mostly heavyweights) in 22 years (1890-23), recently elected member of the Sports Hall of Fame; after long illness, at Cambridge, Mass.

RECORD BREAKERS

Phil Walters, veteran sports car racer from Hialeah, N.Y., pushed new 240-hp Plymouth Fury to U.S. stock car speed records in two-way runs over measured mile at Daytona Beach, averaging 124.61 from flying start, 82.54 from standing start (Jan. 10). Betty Skelton, daring Winter Haven, Fla. aviator, took to same track in Chevrolet Corvette, zoomed average 138.88 mph from speeding start, 85.59 mph from standing start to better 5 NASCAR acceleration and speed records (Jan. 15).

Lorraine Crapp, 17-year-old Australian miler with eye on Olympics, took dead aim at two more world standards in race against clock at Sydney, was ninth in 10:28.9 for 800-meter freestyle, also set new record of 10:36.4 for 800 yards (Jan. 14).

Jack Wardrop, Michigan's fast-moving Scotsman, thrashed 220-yard freestyle in 2:10.2, 440-yard freestyle in 4:56, set pair of NCAA records as Wolverines lost dual meet to Iowa 45-41 at Iowa City (Jan. 14). Other new marks in same meet: Iowa's Lincoln Hurring, 300-yard breaststroke in 2:09.6; Iowa relay team, 300-yard medley (38-cone) in 2:36.3.



Bob Zuppke, 76-year-old former Illinois coach recovering from stroke, was given Stagg Award "for services . . . outstanding in advancement of the best interests of football" by American Football Coaches Association at Los Angeles.



Naseemilak, 16-year-old sire of Nashua, became one of the world's most expensive stallions when syndicate represented by A. B. Hancock Jr. purchased Belair Stud's five shares for \$251,100, bringing worth of 35 existing shares to \$1,757,700.



Siam (The Man) Mual, veteran first baseman-outfielder with .342 lifetime average, signed for 14th season with St. Louis Cardinals for reported \$80,000, will soon be shooting for his seventh National League batting championship.

Lloyd Mangrum, veteran who failed to win single tournament in 1955, went into lead on first day, successfully met all challenges to win Los Angeles Open and \$6,000 with 272 for 72 holes.

Herman Barren of White Plains, N.Y., battled gusty winds to turn in 5-under-par 67, captured first money in MacNaughton pro-amateur at Miami Beach.

TRACK AND FIELD

Pitt's Arnie Sowell tore off sparkling 1:48.6 anchor half mile, paced Panther 2-mile relay team to record 7:09.6 to kick off indoor season in Massachusetts K. of C. meet at Boston.

Japan Athletic Association officially declared vacant all records held by 18-year-old Tsuneo Makase, former high school girls' national champion broad jumper, javelin thrower and 200-meter sprinter. Reason: Miss Makase has successfully undergone surgery to change her sex from female to male.

HORSE RACING

Boss Bush, off at 20-1, sprinted through fog to take early lead, held firm in face of stretch challenge by favored Traffic Judge to win by 3 1/2 lengths in \$25,950 San Fernando Stakes, preliminary test for rich Santa Anita Maturity Jan. 28.

RODEO

Casey Tibbs, world champion bronc buster, in one of final appearances before retirement, was thrown and dragged by horse appropriately named Be Careful, suffered three broken ribs at Denver.

AUTO RACING

Masten Gregory, young (25) Kansas City speedster, covered 70.9 miles at average speed of 70.2 mph with his Saiter Manaroli to win 1-hour Torrey Pines road race before 35,000 at La Jolla, Calif. Jerry Austin of Arcadia, Calif. and Sherwood Johnson of Greenwich, Conn. teamed up in D Jaguar, averaged 68 mph for 407.7 miles to capture 6-hour endurance test.

SKIING

Toni Sailer, lanky 24-year-old plumber's son, skidded to double victory in downhill and slalom but got stern competition from America's Wallace (Bud) Werner, who finished second in downhill and third in combined as Austrian man dominated Hahnenkamm meet at Kitzbuehel. Blonde Astrid Sandvik, 16-year-old Norwegian schoolgirl, led women, winning slalom and combined titles after Germany's Sonja Spier took downhill.

FOR THE RECORD

BASKETBALL

(Natl. Basketball Ass'n.)

EASTERN DIVISION									
1. Phila.	St. L.	Brook.	Ind.	Atl.	Chi.	Det.	Pho.	N.Y.	Pit.
W 121-111	106-97	92-84	93-94						
Pts. 654	108-86	123-94							
2. Boston	Pt. W.	Minn.	San	Pho.	N.Y.	Chi.	Ind.	Atl.	Brook.
W 121-111	95-109	110-114	119-104	104-108	104-109				
Pts. 571									
3. New York	St. L.	Brook.							
W 116-117	101-104	109-104							
Pts. 510									
4. Syracuse	Min.	St. L.	Brook.	Ind.	Pho.	N.Y.	Chi.	Atl.	Brook.
W 118-110	107-99	93-78	104-119	101-103					
Pts. 474									
WESTERN DIVISION									
1. St. P.	Wag.	Ind.	Min.						
W 109-106	106-95	104-99							
Pts. 543									
2. Rochester	Pho.	Ind.	St. L.						
W 117-112	94-95	98-70	106-93						
Pts. 436	94-123	80-79							
3. Minneapolis	St. L.	Brook.							
W 115-112	96-79	114-110	112-94						
Pts. 405									
4. St. P.	Pho.	St. L.	N.Y.						
W 113-112	100-99	78-93	90-98	104-103					
Pts. 371	96-101								

BOWLING

Bill Stalcup, Falls Church, Va., U.S. men's duck-pin champion, with 2,037 pts., Baltimore.

BOXING

James J. Farris, 12-round decision over Johnny Arce, San Antonio Empire heavyweight title (Conn. Athletic Comm.).
Ludwig Liebertow, 10-round split decision over Jerry Lopez, lightweight, San Francisco.
Prosper De Marco, 10-round decision over Jackie Blum, lightweight, Providence, R.I.

FISHING

Mrs. Edward Cosgrove, Lanes, Minn., 1st U.S. Women's Fishing Angl. Sashik. Tournament, with 5 fish caught and released in 2 days, W. Palm Beach, Fla.

GOLF

Arnold Palmer, Latrobe, Pa., over Sam Snead, 68th hole in sudden death playoff, Panama open.
Marlene Baker, Ridge, Asheville, N.C., over Mary Lane, Faith & Joyce Zeale, on 1st hole of sudden-death playoff, Sea Island, Ga. women's invitational.

HOCKEY

(Natl. Hockey League)

NEW YORK RINKS									
1. Montreal	New York	Brook.	Det.						
W 15-11	7-7	1-6	0-2						
Pts. 37									
2. New York	Montreal	Det.	Tor.	Chi.					
W 17-13	14-6	4-1	4-5	2-0					
Pts. 56									
3. Detroit	New York	Chicago	Montreal						
W 17-12	12-13	6-0	3-1	3-0					
Pts. 47									
4. Toronto	New York	Brook.							
W 15-11	20-7	5-6	4-1						
Pts. 37									
5. Chicago	Brook.	Det.	New York						
W 14-12	7-8	0-0	0-2						
Pts. 38									
6. Boston	Chi.	Chicago	Montreal	Tor.					
W 15-14	7-8	0-0	2-0	1-4					
Pts. 27									

PITTSBURGH HORNETS AND AMERICAN HOCKEY LEAGUE ALL-STARS, 4-4 St. Pittsburgh.

HORSE RACING

Fast Stride, \$12,800 (El Encino Handicap, 160 m. by 2 1/2 lengths, m 2:00 2/5, Santa Anita, Calif., Purple Heart).

SQUASH RACQUETS

Edman Mann, Palestine, over Paul Mann, 4-15, 15-18, 15-13, Canadian open, Montreal.

SWIM

Art Tuxie, Fox River, Ill., 1st, 100 yd. St. Class A.

TENNIS

Tom Brown, 28, over Gordon Mulley 6-2, 6-2, Thunderbolt Invitational men's singles, Phoenix, Ariz.
Billverly Baker, 15-17, Long Beach, Calif. over Mary Ann Mitchell 6-1, 6-1, Thunderbolt Invitational women's singles, Phoenix.
Edith Wotlar, Tredon, N.J., over Johanna Kaplan, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2, 6-2, Fla. W. Coast men's singles, St. Petersburg.
Shirley Fry, 22, 15-13, 15-13, over Mrs. Dorothy Hand Knabe 5-6, 6-4, 7-5, Fla. W. Coast women's singles, St. Petersburg.

RESULTS OF 100 LEADING COLLEGE BASKETBALL GAMES

EAST

Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57

WEST

Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57

WEST

Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57
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Amey 61—Columbia 58	Akron 61—Cincinnati 58	Albany 61—Albany 57	Albany 61—Albany 57

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

Will the western colleges follow the lead of the Ivy group and de-emphasize athletics? (asked at Pasadena, Calif.)

GEN. MARK CLARK, Charleston, S.C.

President, The Citadel



"Not in the near future. Football has too strong a hold on the West and some other sections. We at Citadel have our problems.

We won't accept boys who can't do high-grade classroom work. So we lose athletes who either dislike military life or who would rather loaf through college."

LOWE STAR DIETZ, Reading, Pa.

Former Washington State football coach



"No. There's a different feeling in the West. The loyalty of the fans is almost fanatic. Yale, Harvard and Princeton each think they're

the best in the East. They influence policy. In the West colleges follow the spirit of the sports fans, the spirit that made the West great."

C. BIGGER BOONE, Chehalis, Wash.

Automobile dealer



"Yes. Football in particular is getting to be the biggest thing in the Far West. Even now it's entirely too big in the educational picture. And it's getting bigger. Like every other good sports fan, I'm rooting for bigger and better teams. That's wrong. It interferes with education."

DR. D. B. VARNER, East Lansing, Mich.

Officed, Michigan State University



"I see little evidence in that direction. The Western Conference would not like to see a greater emphasis placed on football. We

can live with it at its present level. Football is good. It's a great American institution. If it remains as it is, fine. But it can be overdone."

RAY WARD, El Paso, Texas

General contractor



"No. The fans in the West are still boys at heart. They have the enthusiasm the East had when I played football at Brown University. I predict the East will regain this enthusiasm. Each college in the Ivy League wants to win the Ivy League championship because of the nationwide prestige."

C. CLEMENT FRENCH, Pullman, Wash.

President, Washington State College



"Lack of similar background makes an answer for 'all western colleges' impossible. Big-time football pressure probably centers in southern California. I expect it to continue so for the near future. In the Pacific Northwest there is an attitude of moderation in intercollegiate athletics."

RAY LOOMIS, Palo Alto, Calif.

Manager, Houghton-Mifflin Publishing Co. branch office



"No. There is a definite desire to equalize athletics among western colleges, not to de-emphasize them. We have more drive than

you have in the East. Ivy League type of de-emphasis would be frowned on by our sports fans. We believe equalization is better than de-emphasis."

DR. RAYMOND B. ALLEN, Los Angeles

Chancellor, UCLA



"The problem is different in the West, particularly for state schools. We are giving it considerable study. Our conference is administered by sincere men who want to preserve the great value of sports. We are not as closely knit as the Ivy League, but, in time, overemphasis will disappear."

BERT BROOKS, San Marino, Calif.
Psychologist



"I hope not. We need the money big-time athletics gives us for all intercollegiate athletics. In the West we are not as rich as Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Cornell. Those colleges can afford to appropriate a half million dollars for athletics regardless of the rubber of their teams. We can't."

C. GEKE HOULGATE Sr., Los Angeles
Publisher



"No. Western colleges are building to the days of Andy Smith, Howard Jones and Pop Warner, when western football was supreme. I don't think the Ivy League has de-emphasized either. Dartmouth has Bob Blackman. Yale has a great coach. Why? And just watch Penn come back."

BOB MATTHIAS, Tulare, Calif.
Decathlon champion



"Yes. The Ivy League has taken a bold step. It was formed by men of integrity and sincerity. Its example will eventually be followed by all good universities because it's a sound idea. Football and other intercollegiate sports can get out of hand and lose public support if not watched closely."

NEXT WEEK:

Have sports influenced fashions? If so, in what way?

**Their address
for Santa Anita —
The Huntington-Sheraton Hotel**


The call to colors at Santa Anita heralds American racing at its very best . . . and playing a traditional role in the pageantry is the Huntington-Sheraton Hotel. Pasadena's Huntington-Sheraton, with its sparkling swimming pool, 20 flowered acres, and gracious dining and entertainment facilities has always been the favorite address of horsemen who visit Santa Anita for the season. Sheraton Hotels everywhere offer the little luxuries that make travel a gala occasion. For reservations, just call the Sheraton nearest you.

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the president
chose to **HOTELS**

Cool-as-Cool in the U. S. A. and in Canada

...and
make sure it's
ASBACH-
the great brandy
from the
Rhine

8 years old • 50 proof



German Distilleries Ltd.
175 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, N. Y. N. Y.



The best people are spreading the word about our vodka



But in case you haven't encountered one of our myriad ambassadors of goodwill, here is the word: We distill Hiram Walker's Vodka clearer than the glass that holds it—from pure American grain. An improvement? Gospodin, you should try it!

Hiram Walker's **Vodka**
(the plutocratic capitalist-type)

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

BASKETBALL: BUSINESS AS USUAL • HOOK AND TRIGGER CENSUS •
 RUNDOWN ON THE RUNDOWN STATE OF BOXING • THE EXCELSIOR
 SPIRIT IN LA BELLE FRANCE • HOW A BOSTONIAN USED HIS BEAN

THE LINE'S ON THE LINE

AS FAR as anybody can tell, all's well enough with college basketball, but the following conversation is passed along as a matter of general intelligence:

"Hello, Harry. This is 25. What's my figure?"

"Hello, 25. This is Harry. You're down three."

"O.K. Shoot me tonight's line."

"In the East, we have Dayton 10 over Canisius; Cornell-Harvard, pick 'em; Dartmouth four over Princeton; Temple seven over Manhattan."

"Right, Harry. Give me a bill on Princeton as the dog and another bill on Dayton on top."

"Kosove, 25. Here's your action: You have Princeton plus four over Dartmouth for a bill and Dayton minus 10 over Canisius for another bill. Check?"

"Check."

"If you drop the two tonight, we'll get together tomorrow at the usual place and settle the figure."

"O.K., Harry. Bye."

And so it goes every night throughout the basketball season. It's not doubletalk. It's merely New York's bookmakers carrying on business as usual. Not since the hating and dumping scandals of five years ago have the turnstiles and the unlisted telephones hummed so merrily.

The bookies have their own language:

Figure: amount owed to or owed by the bookie.

Line: point spread between opposing teams. In New York, as in most of the country, basketball is bet only on the point-spread system.

Vigorous: the edge which the bookie maintains by giving 6-5 odds.

Bill: \$100.

Dog: underdog.

In other words, your figure will change if you take the dog, concede the book his vigorous and bet a bill on the line.

For the more practical minded, the bets on Princeton and Dayton did the better no good. Princeton surprised both Dartmouth and the line, winning by two, but Dayton beat Canisius by only nine. The bookie, standing on his vigorous, made out fine.

HOW MANY AND HOW MUCH?

THE FEDERAL government has made plain its growing concern about the great U.S. outdoors and the use that is being made of it. Said President Eisenhower in his State of the Union message:

"During the past year the areas of our National Parks have been expanded, and new wildlife refuges have been created. The visits of our people to

the parks have increased much more rapidly than have the facilities to care for them. The Administration will submit recommendations to provide more adequate facilities to keep abreast of the increasing interest of our people in the great outdoors."

To get some idea of what this "increasing interest" amounts to, the Fish and Wildlife Service of the Department of the Interior has retained Crossley, S-D Surveys, Inc., to conduct a nationwide poll.

Doorbells already have started to ring and will go on ringing until the end of February. There will be 15,000 "screening" interviews up and down the country to start with; and from these, 5,000 hunting and fishing families will be selected for detailed interviews which, it is hoped, will help to answer these big questions: 1) How many hunters and fishermen are there?

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Italian Olympic officials have the weather fitters. Long-awaited snow came to Cortina last week, only to be followed by a sirocco that caused a thaw to set in. As a strategic reserve, the worried authorities were prepared to mobilize some 200 railroad cars to bring snow into the valley from nearby frosty slopes.

San Francisco's Dons, the nation's No. 1 basketball team, suffered a blow when the NCAA voted their chief play-maker, K.C. Jones, ineligible for postseason competition (i.e., the NCAA championships) because of a single game he played in 1953 which exhausted his eligibility. The news, not altogether unexpected, was greeted philosophically by Coach Phil Woolpert: "K.C. definitely will be on the bench with us and we may not lose his leadership entirely."

Queen Mother Elizabeth is hopefully looking ahead to the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree on March 24 when she will

have two horses competing in Britain's longest and toughest race. Her best bet: Devon Loch, a 10-year-old gelding by Devonian.

Australia's John Landy, after winning a special three-mile race in the good time of 13:39 at Melbourne, indicated that he will soon be ready to make a serious bid to lower his own 3:58 world record for the mile. Landy said that his first real mile race will be in the Australian championships next March and that "I plan to run inside four minutes . . . I mean well inside four minutes."

Russia's men skiers, resplendent in bright blue Mackinaws and fur hats at Lauberhorn, showed they still have much to learn in the Alpine events but socially they were relaxed and at ease, mustered their small stock of English for horseback approaches to their American rivals. One pet phrase: "Louie Armstrong—good!"

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 9

2) How much money is spent on hunting and fishing?

It is not presently possible to estimate the total number of hunters and fishermen because of the differences in regulations. Some coastal states permit salt-water fishing without a license. In others no licenses for hunting or fishing are required by persons under 16 or over 65, by veterans or by women whose husbands are licensed.

The survey is the most widespread of its kind ever undertaken and the nation's sportsmen were urged to cooperate by Douglas McKay, Secretary of the Department of the Interior. Said Mr. McKay:

"This survey will reveal much-needed information on which to base programs to provide our hunters and fishermen with greater opportunities to enjoy their favorite sport. It is expected to provide important data for our conservation and restoration needs and prove a valuable guide for fish and game management. It will highlight the need for providing better recreational facilities to match our population growth and migration. This survey will make a major contribution to the proper evaluation of hunting and fishing in our national economy."

The interviewers, each of whom will carry a letter of identification, will not be interested in law enforcement or whether or not the interviewee fished or hunted without a license. They just want to know the time and money spent on these sports during 1955. They may listen politely to adventures of the years before that and to large plans for 1956 vacations. But they won't write it down.

What they do write down will be tabulated and analyzed and delivered in a final report to the Fish and Wildlife Service by next June. The report will be released to the public sometime after that.

MORE TROUBLE FOR THE GUILD

AT LEAST UNTIL August, when the National Boxing Association meets in annual convention at Havana, the NBA is on the side of law, order and Julius Helfand. It may even be that the NBA, made up of state boxing commissioners, some day will fulfill its function and exercise effective control over boxing throughout the U.S.

Its executive committee has taken a step in that direction with a succession of resolutions bought in a package at

Chicago, where a scheduled meeting was held on the heels of Helfand's decision that the Boxing Guild of New York is off limits to fight managers (SI, Dec. 19). The NBA committee voted "full support" to the New York State boxing commissioner's ruling and "will recognize all suspensions pertaining to the same."

That portion of what eventually became a single resolution was the contribution of Lou Radzienda, member of the Illinois commission and NBA president. Radzienda had not hitherto seen eye to eye with those who feel that boxing is menaced by mob influence and monopoly seekers. And, it appeared, Radzienda was willing to let matters rest with this simple pledge of support for Helfand.

But then Jim Crowley, commissioner from Pennsylvania and onetime member of Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, added a paragraph of his own. It called for a uniform NBA requirement that promoters, managers, boxers, trainers, seconds and matchmakers be licensed in their home states before they could qualify in other states. That, explained Crowley, was to prevent a manager, for instance, from stepping across a state line to obtain a license after being refused one in his own state.

Commissioner Joseph Walker of New Jersey, brother of the great Mickey Walker, put through an addendum, too. It called for agreement that a license suspension, revocation or refusal in one state "shall be upheld in every state in the country." Like the others that one passed, also, 14 to 0.

During the luncheon break, reporters were handed copies of the combined

resolution. They pointed out that under its terms Johnny Saxton, who is scheduled to fight Carmen Basilio at Chicago February 15, would be denied a license. Saxton's Pennsylvania license and that of his manager, Blinky Palermo, have expired. Crowley conceded that he would not renew Palermo's license while Blinky is in disfavor in New York.

The commissioners chewed this situation over with their lunch and then took some teeth out of the morning resolution. Commissioner Henry Lamar of Massachusetts put through a proviso that a boxer may manage himself while his manager is under suspension "and the contract between the manager and the boxer be declared null and void during any suspension. . . ." The idea, it was explained, was to permit boxers to earn a living despite the sins of their managers. This has been tried before, of course, and customarily the rule is circumvented by an under-the-table arrangement between boxer and manager.

The resolutions have only an advisory effect until they are adopted by the entire body of the NBA at Havana. Nor did anything in them strike specifically at the International Boxing Guild, of which the New York Guild is only an influential part.

The International was being dealt with elsewhere.

In Cleveland, a federal grand jury indicted it and its Cleveland affiliate along with two officers—Charley Johnston, president, and Honest Bill Daly, treasurer. They were charged with violations of the Sherman antitrust act—boycotting of nonmember managers, price-fixing in the establishment of fees to be paid by promoters, and the forced closing of studio boxing shows put on by TV station WEWS in Cleveland.

Helfand, meanwhile, made his next move. He ordered Tex Sullivan and Willie (The Beard) Gilzenberg, operators of the London Sporting Club, to answer charges that they had consorted with criminals and had used subterfuge in their effort to transfer promotion of their fights from New York to Baltimore—a move spiked quickly by Governor Theodore R. McKeldin of Maryland, who ordered an immediate investigation.

That should be about all, except for pending action by the Pennsylvania and California investigating bodies, until the federal government brings its antitrust action against the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president) in April.



HOOORAY FOR HOCKEY

Hockey is snappy,

Hockey is nice.

Everyone's happy—

The game is on ice.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

L'ASCENSION DU MONT EIFFEL

FRENCH mountain climbers have proved and re-proved their mettle on Alpine peaks and it was the French, of course, who conquered Annapurna. But few of these sporting expeditions, one would guess, ever had the rousing sense of impromptu of the one organized only a few days ago to scale the Eiffel Tower.

The tower's 984-foot summit contains a television transmitting unit and shortly before dawn a short circuit caused a hot blaze. When the first



contingent of Paris firemen arrived smoke was streaming steadily from the summit. Weather conditions were abominable. It was bitter cold and a severe wind whipped the flames. The firemen did not hesitate. They climbed. They had to—the elevator operators did not come to work until 8.

Paris firemen, it should be noted, are not ordinary firemen—they are, technically, an infantry regiment organized in the days of Napoleon. They still wear the military kepi with dress uniforms, and exercise two hours daily. By the scores they rushed up the winding metal stairway with 30-pound chemical extinguishers and pails of water. They set up a base camp beside a souvenir stand at the 115-meter level; then a picked group of the more hardy went on 159 meters more—1,812 *s.c.m.* from street level—to the top. They made it in less than a half hour; in two hours the fire was out, and the ancient upper girders of the tower were saved.

The climbers affected impassiveness after descending. "We have *esprit de corps*," said one. "We can do anything. Still," he added, "we were very hot and very cold at the same time, and I feel my legs today."

TOM AND THE BEANSTALK

WHEN THOMAS AUSTIN YAWKEY was 16, his uncle and foster father, William Hoover Yawkey, died and left him a fortune. The bulk of the Yawkey millions was not to come to Tom until he was 30, but his foster mother acted swiftly to impress upon him the responsibilities of wealth and at the same time make it clear that he did not, as a boy might think, have all the money in the world. After cutting his allowance

to one dollar a week, she placed a series of saucers on a table. She poured a little heap of beans in one to represent the fortune of the Rockefeller, varying the heaps in others to indicate the riches of the Vanderbilts, the Morgans, the Fords and some others. When she came to the last saucer, she turned to Tom and said, "This is what you will have in comparison." Into the saucer she dropped a solitary bean.

It has been quite a bean. Among other things it has sprouted for Tom Yawkey is the baseball club known as the Boston Red Sox, acquired four days after Tom came into his full inheritance at age 30 in 1933. With his bean, Tom Yawkey has tried every trick of bean magic to build winners for Boston. He paid \$250,000 for a single ballplayer, Joe Cronin, now his general manager. He bought stars like Lefty Grove and Jimmy Foxx, spent a total of \$1 million for talent in his first three seasons. Then he invested heavily in a farm system and through his canny head man at the time, the idol of his school days, Eddie Collins, Yawkey acquired two of his greatest stars for prices that were what peanuts are to beans. He paid only \$15,000 for Second Baseman Bobby Doerr and \$25,000 for a gangling outfielder named Ted Williams, to whom Tom was to pay four times this purchase price in a single season.

World War II wrecked a great Sox team in the making and when the stars came back from service, they were a shoo-in for the pennant of 1946. But they could not beat the Cardinals in the World Series. The Sox have not won a pennant since; they had not won one previously since 1918.

But there have been many compensations for Tom Yawkey. Himself a frustrated athlete (he couldn't quite make the varsity at Yale), Tom Yawkey has had many a good day at Fenway Park. During his 23-year owner-

ship, he has seen his ball club make first division 17 times, finish second six times, stage a great (if heartbreaking) drive in the stretch last year. Recently, he was elected vice-president of the American League and on the evening of February 5 another honor will come his way. The New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers Association of America will hold its annual dinner and make its annual awards. As player of the year, Duke Snider will be there; as winner of the Babe Ruth Award, Johnny Podres will be among those present. And as the 30th man to be honored by the writers for "long and meritorious service to baseball," Thomas Austin Yawkey will be asked to take a bow.

It's a safe bet that, as he looks around him that evening and stands up there with Johnny and the Duke, Tom Yawkey will consider that he has got full value from his beanstalk. And maybe there will be a gleam in his eye too, for with the Cleveland pitchers getting no younger and the Yanks an unbalanced ball club, who can say for sure that 1956 may not be the biggest year of all for Tom and his Red Sox?

SOLOIST OF THE SEA

THERE are in the world people who deserve to be known as soloists of the sea. Every once in a while one of them turns up. Sometimes he sails into a big city. Sometimes he is dragged in, shivering and half starved, by the Coast Guard. Usually it turns out that months or years ago he walked away from a quiet job in the city to spend his time alone in small boats at sea.

Edward Allicard, a bearded Englishman with stout English opinions, lives that way. He left his job in 1948 and has not gone back. Since 1948 he has crossed the Atlantic four times. And he has survived most of the classic

continued on next page



bazaars—storms, smashed ribs, scurvy—as well as the less expected but more interesting one of the startling appearance on deck one morning of a lady poetess who had stowed away.

Last week near Portsmouth, England, Allcard was ready to head out for the fifth time. This time he is going around the world. The trip he plans will cover 40,000 miles, and he will be alone. His 36-foot ketch *Sea Wanderer*, picked up as a neglected hulk on a



Long Island mud flat and lovingly rebuilt, is, according to Allcard, perfect for a lone voyager. She is beamy and comfortable, shallow-draft (5 feet 3 inches) but steady, with extra iron bolted to her keel.

"I've had double coamings fitted on the hatches," he explained. "Any boat should be able to go under and come up without swamping. I've got Bermuda rigging and a fixed wheel instead of a tiller. Even the glasses and cups I've fixed on rubber pads so that if the yacht does turn over, they won't smash. I've got the galley just where I want it and the chart table where I want it. It's just the boat I want."

This month he heads for the coast of France, where he will loiter until May when the wind warms and he can sail out on the trades in comfort. Aboard he plans to have stores for 100 days: 80 gallons of fresh water in three tanks, a rig to catch rain water, 50 gallons of fuel for the diesel auxiliary. For food: "A lot of dried stuff—rice, ship's biscuits, porridge, dried beans and peas, lentils, fruits, cans of stuff. I always have steak and kidney on Sundays. And of course I carry orange juice." Some things have to be left out. "At sea I dream about them. Small green cabbages especially. And bread and butter and marmalade."

Some 350 people, 30 of them women, have written asking to go along. But to Allcard they are no more than unwelcome window gazers. "Most of them just expect me to feed them for nothing. If they had the guts, they'd do it themselves."

As for the reason men go around the world alone: "What better way is there to see things?" As he asked this interesting question, the winter wind howled across the Portsmouth flats

around his boat, and Allcard shivered. "Wouldn't you get out of England if you could? The whole secret of English adventurers and explorers is that they couldn't stand the climate."

POINT OF VIEW

TELEVIEWED SPORT is never quite the same as the real thing. The little screen cannot cover an entire baseball park. The defense is seldom shown adequately in football. These are limitations of TV which send thousands to the stadiums.

But in boxing, a fight is not seen adequately from behind, say, the 20th row. The TV camera, on the other hand, gives the illusion of the ringside seat and boxing attendance has suffered thereby more than that of any other sport.

Unfortunately, the camera can get too close. Viewer protests shrilled into the ABC network the other night after the Johnny Holman-Bob Satterfield fight, in which the first knockdown of Satterfield was missed completely and the second was obscured. Those who follow a common practice—turning off the sound so as not to be disturbed by commentators—were unaware for several meaningful seconds that Satterfield was down in the second round. All they saw was Johnny Holman's half-dabbling stare at the canvas and his turning back as he walked toward a neutral corner.

Something had happened, they knew, but what? Those with their sound on were distressed that the announcer was describing a knockdown and count they could not see—and the knockdown is the supreme moment in a fight.

Well, it seems that an advertising agency which had just taken over the Fabat Blue Ribbon account was experimenting with a new camera angle, one which gives a dramatic look from an aspect very like that of the ring-apron row in which the judges sit. It worked fine, except when there was a knockdown. Then Satterfield was knocked clear off the screen. The new camera's angle of view was too narrow.

A veteran of the prizefight film business sighed when he heard of the ruckus home viewers were raising.

"They don't understand," he said. "Give the camera boys an A for effort. They were trying to bring you right into the ring with a close, low-angle shot that would dramatize what was happening. Only, in boxing, things happen too fast. You can't anticipate what's going to happen and shift to a longer, wider shot just before a knockdown. Sometimes you wonder what's keeping a fighter up. He doesn't get knocked down when he should be flat on his back. Sometimes a punch comes from nowhere, and it's all over in an instant. That's what boxing is. It's a fighter trying to make the other guy think nothing's going to happen just before he throws the big punch."

SPECTACLE

ALL EYES ON THE ICE

Hockey is Canada's national sport, and the Montreal Canadiens, with the season's top team, are the apple of the Dominion's eye

To the truism that you can fill an arena by giving the customers a winning team, Montreal adds a proud local axiom. Capacity crowds pack into the Montreal Forum to watch Les Canadiens of the National Hockey League no matter how the Canadiens are doing. It has been that way for more than 10 years. A typical Forum audience—such as the one pictured on the opposite page, about to see a member of the Boston Bruins take a shot on Montreal Goalie Jacques Plante—is composed of 14,500 fans, including about 1,000 standees. Some are millionaires, others are small starry-eyed boys who dream of one day playing in the red-white-and-blue Canadian uniform. One and all, they come in the prayerful hope of seeing Montreal win, and four times in the past twelve seasons their team has managed to lead the league. For an explanation of why Montreal is again leading the league this season, see the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MY FERRIN



One of the traditions of hockey as played by the Montreal Canadiens is the imperative: "Fight." This means fight for every goal and, if necessary, fight for individual and team honor against enemy skaters



ROCKET RICHARD (9), famed Canadian right winger, comes flying across the goal mouth in a dazzling solo effort to score on New York Rangers' Gump Worsley. But before



JEAN BELIVEAU, Montreal center (17 jersey), gets in a solid board-check against Rangers' Lou Fontinato.



HENRI RICHARD (16) gets some needed assistance from big brother Maurice during fight with Fontinato as New York's Harry Howell (3) rushes into the battle.



the Rocket can drill home a winner Worsley goes down to block as Ranger defenders skate in to clear the puck.



LOU FONTINATO (8), fiery Ranger defenseman, starts a punching duel with young Henri (Pocket Rocket) Richard, a big league rookie this year.



THE MARVELS FROM MONTREAL

Les Canadiens are out to win the National Hockey League title. If they do,

by **WHITNEY TOWER**

the credit will go to a rookie coach and two stars named Maurice and Jean

LAST summer, shortly after he had left his 15-year job as coach of the Montreal Canadiens to accept a similar position with the Chicago Black Hawks, Dick Irvin was asked which of the six teams in the National Hockey League was most likely to win the 1955-56 league championship. "That's easy," replied Irvin. "Montreal by 10 games."

A few days ago Irvin's successor, Hector (Toe) Blake, reflected on the curious position in which Irvin's departure had left him. "It is true," said Blake, "Dick left me a great team, a well-organized and a well-disciplined team. But he also left me on the spot. If we finish anywhere but first I'll feel I've done a very bad job. If things go right, yes, we should win by 10 games. But any hockey man will tell you that in hockey things don't always go right."

What was not going right for Toe Blake that morning was indicated by a medical report just in: three regulars out indefinitely with injuries. "It's strange about injuries on a hockey team," said Blake. "When they hit they seem to hit in bunches—not just one man, but three or four. It happens to every club; now it's happening to us."

Despite this typical Blakelike pessimism, Toe Blake stands today in what certainly must be one of the most enviable positions ever held by a professional coach in any sport. As his Canadiens rolled into the second half of the 70-game season, they were already six games in front of the pack. When established stars were felled by injuries which would send most other NHL clubs into a tailspin for a month or more, Blake could usually count on workmanlike stand-in performances from dozens of minor leaguers literally dying to show their wares just once as members of the "big" team. Furthermore, Blake could boast something no other team had: the two best scorers in hockey. One is Maurice (Rocket) Richard (SI, Dec. 5, 1954). The other is a strikingly handsome young man who answers to the name of Jean Beliveau.

It is quite possible that no hockey team in history has ever been led by two such brilliant craftsmen. It is likewise probable that no two stars on the same team were ever so exactly opposite in temperament as are Richard and Beliveau.

Coach Blake, as the onetime left winger (nicknamed The Old Lamplighter) on the famous Montreal Punch Line with Elmer Lach at center and Richard at his customary right-wing position, probably knows the Rocket as well as any man ever will. When he talks of his friend and star today

it is with a deep and far-reaching feeling of fondness and unashamed admiration. "As long as I live I know I'll never see a player like Maurice. He lives for only one thing: to put that puck in the net."

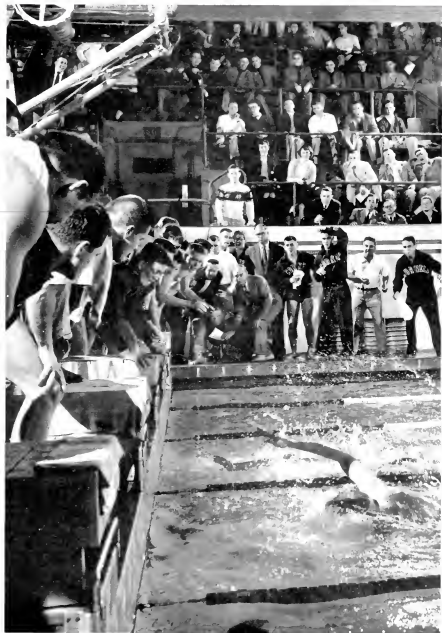
As for Beliveau, this is Blake's first season of close association with the 24-year-old center who is currently leading the whole league in scoring, and he is understandably less inclined to employ full use of superlatives. "I think Jean is great," he says. "He is big and strong and can do everything well, but he doesn't have the desire to score that Maurice has." Tommy Ivan, former Detroit coach and now general manager at Chicago, gives a more thorough appraisal of Beliveau's talents. "Beliveau is great because he takes the direct route. No long way around for him. He has the size (6 feet, 3 inches) and the weight (205 pounds) to hold his own. He's tremendously strong, a beautiful skater, already a superb stick handler, strictly a team man with a perfect sense of playmaking. He has a wonderfully hard and accurate shot. He'd be a star on any hockey club. I wish he were on mine."

The reasons for Jean Beliveau's presence today on the Canadiens' first line (where he is flanked by Boom Boom

continued on page 56



ICE BATTLE nearly erupted in New York when Rangers' Lou Fontinato (second from left) bloodied an eye of Maurice (right).



YALE CHURNS ON AT THE WATERWORKS

by ALFRED WRIGHT

Bob Kiputh's athletes, who haven't lost a dual meet in 10 years, swim into a new season at Cornell's expense

ON THE HEM of the large weaving of Gothic architecture that houses Yale University stands a 10-story cathedral of athletics that would have made a Goth blink with wonder. Inside are three basketball courts, 36 squash and handball courts, two practice rooms apiece for polo and golf, two running tracks, steam rooms, two dozen or so dressing rooms containing 3,798 lockers, a baronial trophy hall and, among numerous other things, two swimming pools. Yale has named this \$7.5 million temple of sport the Payne Whitney Gymnasium, and nothing finer of its sort exists anywhere. Yet of all the elaborate fixings for exercise in this gym to end gyms, the 165-foot practice pool (divisible into two pools by means of a rolling bulkhead) and the 75-foot exhibition pool encircled by 2,187 seats are the particular marvels. In them and largely because of them, Yale has cultivated a record of swimming superiority that has no parallel in the history of American team sports. Since 1918, when Coach Robert John Herman Kiputh took over, Yale swimmers have lost only 12 of their 483 dual meets.

Currently working on a string of 139 consecutive victories since 1945, Yale entertained Cornell last Saturday as its fourth victim of the season. Everybody—the Yale team, the Cornell team and the 400 or so spectators who wandered out of a Connecticut ice storm to watch—knew that the races were strictly a formal exercise in Yale's inevitable progress toward another undefeated season. Anxious to give a workout to as many as possible of the 63-odd swimmers on his squad and not wishing to pour on the power, Coach Kiputh refused to swim any man more than once. Nonetheless, his full complement of 23 entrants pled a lopsided 64-20 defeat on the visitors,

winning first place in every event and setting new Yale and Yale Pool records in the breast stroke and individual medley. Despite only a week of workouts sandwiched in between midyear exams during the week following the long Christmas holiday, Kiputh's latest assembly job at his famous waterworks looked like one of the best in his 38 years of coaching.

The roll call of Yale's swimming achievements under Kiputh is more than slightly staggering. Until the Intercollegiate Swimming Association (consisting entirely of eastern colleges) was disbanded in 1936, Yale had won the team title continuously since 1906. Beginning with Kiputh's first year, they did not lose a dual meet until 1924, when they were beaten by Princeton and Navy. Then they won 175 straight meets until Harvard upset them in 1937.

Their next string—63 straight—started in 1940 and was ended by Army in 1945. That was the last loss. During this period Yale swimmers have set 29 individual world records and 22 world relay records. They have won four national intercollegiate championships since the NCAA began compiling team scores in 1937. Using the *nom de sport* of the New Haven Swim Club so they could swim freshman and graduate students who would be ineligible to represent the varsity, Yale men under Kiputh have won the last seven AAU indoor team championships.

No one disputes that the credit for the Yale swimming dynasty rests wholly with Bob Kiputh himself, and there is no great secret about his methods. Cornell Coach Gordon Little explained it briefly after his loss on Saturday: "Bob Kiputh is the greatest conditioner of athletes in the world today."

The obvious implication here is that
continued on next page



JOHN PHAIR poses for traditional captain's portrait in front of the Yale fence.

HAIRREADY: RELAY FINISH HAS BOTH TEAMS ON EDGE BUT YALE WON AGAIN

continued from page 19

Kiphuth's raw material consists of some already polished performers; or to put it another, less gentle way, that Yale attracts—in one way or another—many of the country's top prep school and high school swimmers. So it does. This year's freshman squad, for example, contains 10 prep and high school All-Americans—among them Tim Jecko, who placed fourth in the butterfly at the national AAU championships in Los Angeles last summer—but the point is emphatically and frequently stated around New Haven that Yale has no special berths for athletes, even swimmers. They may be drawn there by an urge to study under Kiphuth; Bob himself may even point out to a good swimmer the advantages of a Yale degree. Yet the athlete has to make it in arduous competition with the double domes. Kiphuth shakes his head sadly when he thinks of some wonderful prospects who couldn't get in, or couldn't stay once they did.

Yet there have been more than enough who made it. In recent years there was Alan Ford, first man to break 50 seconds for 100 yards, the swimming equivalent of the four-minute mile. During his college years (1941-45) he was undoubtedly the finest freestyle sprinter in the world with three world records to his name. Then came Alan Stack, who dominated the world's backstrokers in the late '40s, setting five world records and winning the Olympic title in London. Yet nothing Kiphuth ever had at Yale quite equaled the 1950 freshman class of John Marshall, Jimmy McLane and Wayne Moore. As a team of three they won the AAU indoor championship, taking first and second in the 220, 440, 880 and 1,500 meters. During one two-year period Marshall, an Australian whom Kiphuth had met at the 1948 Olympics and told about Yale, broke 19 world records—an accomplishment unequalled in swimming history.

Yale's present crop of swimmers is by no means a pale comparison. Hendrik (Sandy) Gideonse, the rangy young blond whose Harvard-bred

father is a professor of mathematics at Rutgers, rates on Kiphuth's list of the 10 best swimmers in America today. A freestyle who can also go backstroke, Sandy looks like a cinch for this year's Olympic team if he can work it out with the Marine Corps, which wants him after his graduation in June. Another top freestyle is Dave Armstrong, a Brooklynite whose horn-rimmed specs give him a scholarly look he confirms in the classroom. Rex Aubrey, Kiphuth's second recent Australian import, is one of the great freestyle sprinters now in action, but he, of course, will have to represent his own country in Melbourne if he swims there. Finally, there are Charles (Deed) Hardin, a tall, skinny and handsome sophomore who promises to be one of Yale's greatest breaststrokers (it was he who broke the pool record against Cornell), and Joe Robinson, a junior whom Kiphuth has converted from middle-distance freestyling to medley.

Oddly enough, there are drawbacks to such a wealth of talent as Yale now owns. Sandy Gideonse pointed it out last week when he said: "We just don't get enough competition. Robert [as he calls his coach] likes to give everyone a chance to swim, and that means we aren't as sharp as we might be when we get to a tough meet and have to swim several times. It almost cost us the Harvard meet last year. I was really dragging by the time that one was over." Yale just squeaked through, 44-40, by winning the final relay.

Swimming, as practiced by the academicians at Yale, Ohio State, Michigan, Stanford and other advanced centers of the art, has come a long piece since Duke Kahanamoku and Johnny Weissmuller speeded up the old Australian crawl by kicking six to the arm beat. There was the fellow in Brooklyn in 1934 who astonished and confused officials by doing the oen-oedate breaststroke with a simultaneous overhead thrashing of the arms—something they finally called the butterfly. It wasn't until last year that the swimming authorities finally and formally separated the breaststroke from the butterfly as an event. By that time an innovation called the dolphin kick had made the butterfly as fast as the backstroke. Then the Japanese discovered that the conventional breaststroke could be swum faster underwater where a full follow-through of the arms is possible, so that event (to the utter disregard of the spectator) is performed below the surface except when an occasional breath of air is necessary.

Although Bob Kiphuth ranks among

SWIMMING MEETS TO SEE

Feb. 11, Indiana vs. Mich. State at Bloomington, Ind. Hawaiian Bill Woolsey, one of world's top middle-distance stars, leads Indiana team which could be hurt by eligibility problems against State's promising sophomores.

Feb. 24, Iowa vs. Indiana at Bloomington, Ind. Iowa surprised with 48-45 win over Michigan last week when Hawkeyes broke NCAA long-course record in 300-yard medley relay, and Lincoln Hurring set new collegiate 200-yard breaststroke mark.

Feb. 25, Ohio State vs. Michigan at Columbus, Ohio. Jack Wardrop, Michigan's—and Scotland's 200-meter freestyle world-record holder meets OHS's one-man team, Al Wiggins, divers Don Harper and Fletcher Gilders. A duel between perennial college powers.

Mar. 1-3, Atlantic Coast Conference Championships at Chapel Hill, N.C. N.C. State appears to have lost too much through graduation to gain tilted straight conference win. 1954 runner-up, North Carolina, paced by medley ace, Charles Krepp, should be champion this time.

Mar. 1-3, Big Ten Championships at Lafayette, Ind. Defending champion Ohio State, Iowa, Michigan, Mich. State and Indiana all have personnel to take this one. Jack Wardrop set world mark in 220-yard freestyle at last year's carnival.

Mar. 8-10, Big Seven Championships at Boulder, Col. Oklahoma is champion and should repeat this year. Reports indicate

Matt Mann (former Michigan coach) is loaded with talented South Africans. Iowa State will provide the competition.

Mar. 10, Yale vs. Harvard at New Haven, Conn. Both clubs came into this one undefeated in 1953, with Yale taking the final event to win, 44-40. The East's top two teams should make it just as close this year.

Mar. 12-17, Eastern Interscholastic Championships at Ithaca, N.Y. Yale's powerhouse in a meet which attracts some 30 eastern colleges. Defending champions include: Little Conard State's George Beven (1,500-meter freestyle), Harvard's—and Australia's—Dave Hawkins (200-meter butterfly) and Yale's Hendrik Gideonse (indiv. medley).

Mar. 29-31, NCAA Championships, New Haven, Conn. Mike Peppo's defending Ohio State team out for 10th title despite loss of Hawaiian champions Ford Konno and Yoshio Oyakawa through graduation. Big Ten leaders, Yale favored in third renewal of country's oldest indoor meet.

Apr. 5-7, AAU Indoor Championships at New Haven, Conn. The most important indoor meet of the year. Held annually since 1923. Massive entry list includes top college, high school, club and unattached swimmers and divers of U.S. and several foreign countries. This will be first major 1956 appearances of High Schoolers George Harrison of Berkeley, Calif. (distance events) and Frank McKinley of Indianapolis (backstroke).



KIPHUTH ALLOWS RARE PRACTICE BREATHING FOR OLYMPIC PROSPECTS GIOEHSSE, HARDIN AND AUBREY, CAPTAIN PHAIR, MANAGER EPSTEIN

the two or three leading international swimming authorities, he claims and gets no credit for these innovations. As befits his title of Professor of Physical Education, he is a scholar and teacher rather than an inventor. His particular contribution has been to teach the Yales and the countless others who come to him for advice how to perfect the styles in vogue. He wraps up his theory with these words: "You are given certain physical assets. Everyone has a certain neuromuscular pattern—a certain rhythm—they apply to swimming or any other sport. You probably can't change it, but you can help them get the most out of it."

The Kiphuth system, coming, as it does, from a body-building specialist who started coaching Yale swimming because no one else was around, is based principally on conditioning. "We start them in the fall," says the little fireplug of a man who is now a graying but sturdy 65, "with several months of calisthenics and body building. They don't even go into the water until December but by then their swimming muscles are ready."

"Once the squad is in the pool we don't stand for any loafing," he con-

tinues in his booming baritone. "We have a saying around here, 'If you want to take a bath, get a rake of soap.' We send the backstrokers and breaststrokers out at 4 and swim them in heats for an hour—first about 30 laps to warm up, then wind sprints 10 laps at a time. Swimming in heats like that keeps up their spirit of competition and team morale. At 5 we bring in the freestylers and go through the same thing, although the distance men naturally get longer stretches. By the time the meet comes, the race is no problem."

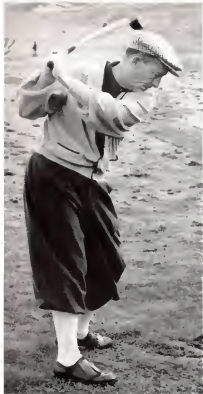
"Once an athlete knows how to perform correctly and is in shape, the rest is in his mind. Take the four-minute mile. Once it had been done, the psychological barrier was removed and four or five people did it soon afterward. The same is true of swimming. We have no idea how much we can take off our best times."

Impressive as the Yale record is, it is marred in some minds because lately it has failed to include dual meets with the great teams of the Middle West—Michigan, Ohio State and, more recently, Iowa, Michigan State and Indiana. At the moment they promise to contribute just as much to the Olympic

squad as Yale, perhaps even more. Much of their talent is Hawaiian in origin—champions like Ford Konno (Ohio State) and Bill Woolsey (Indiana) in the middle distances and Yoshi Oyakawa (Ohio State) in the backstroke. Ohio State with nine victories and Michigan with six have both outshone Yale in the national intercollegiate during past years.

This year may again be a Yale year, Kiphuth thinks or at least allows himself to hope. The team, as he puts it, is "good in the breast, good in the back, fair in the sprint, fair in the middle distance, no dive." Explaining that last item, which is a frequent Yale shortcoming, he adds sadly: "You can't get a diver into Yale. The good ones are like ballet dancers or figure skaters; they're so dedicated they hardly know anything else."

Whether or not Yale recaptures the intercollegiate title from the Middle West, there is no denying the generous tribute offered last week by Michigan State's Coach Charles McCaffree: "Yale and Boh Kiphuth represent the finest in swimming. They have the best coaching, the best training program and the best facilities." (E.N.S.)



**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

GOLFING IN THE CROSBY MANNER

Bing teams with Ben Hogan in the pro-amateur match of his Monterey Peninsula tournament and shows how to cope with foul weather and foul lies (for full results see page 41)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

BELL-BOTTOM KNICKERS, bell-sleeve alpaca cardigan on Crosby set the style, keep out damp of rain-soaked fairways.



UNDER A WIND-BENT CYPRESS, GOLFER CROSBY CRAWLS AFTER ERRANT BALL, SQUINTING OVER THE TWISTED TRUNK, BING TAKES MELANCHOLY



BEACHHEAD LIE below the 19th hole is established as on fairway by official. Bing then took preferred lie, moved the ball

from rock to sand, took two wedge shots to clear the cliff side, landed in a trap. Hogan shot third straight birdie to save hole.



LOOK AT NEARBY BUT ALMOST INACCESSIBLE GREEN, CALLING FOR FOUR-IRON, CROSBY MADE FINE FITCH TO GREEN, MISSED AN EASY PUTT

DEFYING FROST AND STORM

Skiing regulars in the Laurentians sparkle with a sporting look that includes exotic furs, traditional sweaters and an apres-ski uniform of tight pants with a difference

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



SNOW-FLAKE PATTERN cardigan, in traditional Canadian design, was knit by Lyne Harwood of Verdun, Quebec.



AFTER-SKI SUIT, from Selva Fashion Exporters, is worn by Kay Murray of Iowa City who flew up with Ralph Heninger (near) in his plane.

AFTER-SKI UNIFORM for Mt. Tremblant regulars: white shirt, black pants for girls, sport jackets for boys.





BABY-REINDEER PARKA, gift of old bug Lowell Thomas, hoods Mrs. Frank Smith, regular visitor from Pawling, New York.



WOLF-FUR COAT, a ski-lift warmer from the Canadian wilds, is worn outside the Chalet by Mary Anne Cook of Toronto.

From left: Wayne Goss, Archie Douglas, Waterbury, Conn.; Margaret and Peter Murray, New York; Mary Ellen Flynn, Peabody,

Mass.; Lawrence Harrington, Boston; Jinx McLues, Grosse Pointe, and Frank Murray. Murrays are brothers and sister.





WASHINGTON TOUCHDOWN CLUB award winners, back row: Cecil Morris, Oklahoma, co-captain, best college team; George Hulas, Chicago Bears, top pro coach; Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox, Clark Griffith Memorial Trophy for contribution

to baseball; Gene Brito, Washington Redskins, top pro player; L.L. Menil Mavroides, Bolling AFB, service star; George Welch, Navy, top college player in area. Front row: Terry Brennan, Notre Dame, best college coach; Howard Cassidy, Ohio State,

PASSING OUT THE SILVER

Members of the nation's highest court join the Washington, D.C. Touchdown Club at 21st annual dinner to help honor some supreme sports figures

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BENNETT



top college back; Porter Shreve, St. Albans, top local prep school player; Johnny Flynn, Blessed Sacrament School, outstanding local Catholic school player; Lou Lacer, Wilson High School, local high school star.



SUPREME COURT JUSTICES Sherman Minton and William O. Douglas (above) talk with Otto Graham. Chief Justice Earl Warren (below) chats with Walter Camp Trophy Winner Howard Cassady and George Webb.



SUBJECT: ROCKY MARCIANO

by JOAN FLYNN DREYSPPOOL

At home in Brockton, Mass., the heavyweight champion, a devoted family man, calls on his relatives, munches a few snacks and talks frankly about his friends and career

HOW ARE you going to begin my story?" Rocky Marciano asked, leaning against the counter in the kitchen of his Brockton, Mass. home. "I like the way you started that Teddy Williams story. I read it up at camp . . . about the taxi driver telling Teddy that all the cabbies in Boston thought he was a nice guy and then Teddy saying he didn't pay any attention to the nice things people said about him . . . only the criticism bothered him."

"I know Teddy Williams," the heavyweight champion said, pleased at the thought of his friendship. "He is a nice guy. He really feels that way—and you know something—so do I."

"That's what's nice about being champion—to be accepted and liked." He hesitated before he spoke again, concerned perhaps that it might sound like bragging, then he continued boyishly. "Tomorrow I'm going to have dinner with the governor," he said. "It makes you feel proud to be accepted with these fine people. They admire you and have a lot of respect for you and they're interested in you."

"The young kids look at you and say, 'Gee, he must be the strongest guy in the world, he could lick anybody; what a tough guy; look at his muscles; look at his hands.' . . . They only think of strength and muscles and toughness. They don't know that the nicest part is that people like you."

Marciano paused. There was an expression of intensity in his deep brown eyes. "So many people think the boxing profession is for bums," he said slowly, "but a fighter is a different kind of a guy; he's in there fighting for a living. If he hangs around his old poor neighborhood, they call him a hoodlum, or if he does a foolish thing—as anyone can do—they put in the papers 'Ex-fighter or ex-pugilist picked up for speeding.'"

"Fighters are really good guys, the

best-hearted." The champion was on the defensive. "There are so many improvements now," he said, "so many protections that you don't see too many punch-drunk fighters anymore or so many guys with cauliflower ears. Look at mine. My ears don't have a scratch."

Marciano turned his head and fingered his well-set ears, then suddenly aware that he was being watched closely, he became self-conscious.

"C'mon," he quickly changed his pace. "I've got some errands to do. We can talk more on the way."

"Barbara," he called into the den, where his wife and the Marcianos' house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gengler of Mount Carmel, Pa., were watching television. "I'm going over

to Mom's. Frank, you come along. You can do the driving."

"I met Frank about a year ago in Carbondale, Pa.," he explained. "They had a terrible fire down there in a church and they asked me to come down to try to raise some funds. I gave them a day in the middle of my training program—I was training for a very important fight with Charles. . . . Frank flew over to Grossinger's to get me in his own plane and brought me to Carbondale. Then he drove me down the street in the parade. They gave me quite a day. Then Frank flew me to Pittsburgh, the very next day. I thought that was such a nice thing he did for the church that I wanted to be friendly with this guy. He's a brilliant guy. Once he likes you, he'll go all the way, like what he did for that church."

THE TOUR BEGINS

Marciano put on a zippered gabardine jacket over his T shirt and led the way out the back door of the comfortable red brick ranch house he bought several years ago in a quiet residential district of his native Brockton.

The grass needed cutting. "I've got lots of things to do around here, if I ever find time," he said. "I'm fixing up my basement. It's going to be real nice, sort of a trophy room and playroom. I'm going to have a screen built into the wall where I can show the movies of my fights, and I'm having my Hickox belt [the \$10,000 diamond-studded belt he won as outstanding athlete of the year in 1952] mounted and put into the top of a coffee table, under glass. Phil Rizuto—he won the belt in 1950—had it done, and it's very nice."

A shiny new station wagon stood in the driveway. "This isn't my car," Marciano explained. "I just borrowed it. I'm waiting for delivery on a new Caddy convertible for Barbara. She

continued on page 30



SILHOUETTE on signpost which marks Marciano's driveway is cut to exact scale.

MRS. MARCHEGIANO TALKS ABOUT HER SON



AN EXCELLENT COOK, ROCKY'S MOTHER SPOONS OUT "ZEGGO DI POLLO" FOR SON AT HER HOME IN BROCKTON

ROCKY always was a good boy. He had good luck. God bless! We hope now he feels good and he enjoys all the hard work he does. Hooray to God, I wish everybody will have a little kind of luck. When I hear somebody's got a good job, I say 'fine.' I like all the mothers to feel good.

"While my son fights, I don't want to see it. All the time he fight, I worry. When he don't fight no more, that's when I want to see a couple of his films, but while he fights, no, no.

"My husband, he watch the fights every Friday night on television. I just peek in the room. I see that they get hit and I can't stand it. Right away, I light a candle like I do for Rocky. Before you know it, my husband says, 'All right. It's over. That's the winner.'

"How is the other one?" I ask. The other boy, he's got a mother, too. One has to be the winner, I know, but I hope nobody gets hurt and I pray with all my heart for the both of them.

"I think God does everything for a reason. I had a baby before Rocky, but he died, and I was very sick. The doctors say I should have no more babies. I would not if the other one lived, but I wanted more and I got all my children every two years like a clock. That's wonderful. They are all happy. We do our prayers and blessing before we eat. . . . Rocky loves family. He was very happy to be born in a big family. That's why I hope he'll have big family, maybe four. Right now, he has only one.

"He's very happy when he comes home," Mrs. Mar-

chegiano said. "All the time, he asks me, 'Mother, you need this? You need that?' But I don't like to take too much because if I don't want him to fight, why should I spend his money? I am just the way I was before. I buy plenty food. I always did even before. The house is the same. The furniture I have. Maybe for a party, I'll buy a new dress.

"I'll be happy when he retires. I try to tell him, 'Please, please,' but he's got to finish his career.

"There are always things people want him to do. Right now he's busy and he's not got too much time to talk with me. One time he said, 'It's part of my career.' I try my best not to show him when I am disappointed, but he always say, the minute he looks in my eyes, or I look in his, we understand each other.

"He's a good boy, but people don't understand. There's a change in my friends. A lot of little things. The people don't look the same, but how much can you do in a day? You need a little time for your family.

"All over the world, they want to have him there, but how can he please them all? He feels bad that he can't pay more attention to his good friends here. Even one of my daughters, she say, 'Ma, I didn't see Rocky for one week. He didn't even drop by my house.'

"Look, I am the mother," I tell her. 'I forgive him if he don't come over. I feel he's busy with the others.'

"I think the people, they understand," Rocky Marchegiano's mother said, rising to attend to a boiling kettle on the stove. "I hope they understand. We like to please all the world, but you just can't."

cracked up the old one when she was teaching a friend of hers how to drive."

Frank Gengler sat behind the wheel and Rocky settled himself in the front seat, sitting upright and alert. "I never drive if I can help it," he remarked. "It's more relaxing this way, and I can enjoy the ride. The little stop and starts you make and the other guys on the road who give you that 'move over' business—it's irritating."

A tall pole loomed in sight in the front yard as the car rounded the corner of the house. Atop it swung the wrought-iron figure of a boxer, crouched low, in full regalia—shorts, shoes, boxing gloves. Beneath it was the name Rocky Marciano.

"A friend of mine, Ted Cheff from Holland, Mich., gave that to me," Marciano said with his amazing knack of anticipating interest. "It's built to scale. The dimensions are absolutely perfect. I trained out in Holland for my Chicago fight [the second Walcott fight].

"We'll stop by Uncle Mike's first." He gave directions to Gengler.

Arriving at his uncle's house, the fighter bounded up the steps and flung open the front door, unleashing the pungent aroma of chicken carcasses on the stove.

Mike Picento, a slight, pleasant-faced man, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves watching television. He got up beaming at the unexpected sight of his famous nephew.

WHAT THE MAN SAID

"Mike, tell the advice you gave me the night you saw me win the fight in the Armory," Marciano said without preamble. "What did you say?"

Uncle Mike looked puzzled and Rocky prompted him. "Remember when I asked you afterwards, 'How did I look?'"

"Oh, yes." Uncle Mike picked up his cue. "After the fight, Rocky asked me, 'How did I look?'"

"You weren't so good," I said.

"What's the matter?" he said. "I won the fight, didn't I?"

"I said, 'Yeah, but if you had a little bit of training and if you were in better condition, you'd have looked better.' So we come home and Rocky looked at me and said, 'Mike, I'm going to be the best-conditioned fighter there ever was'—and he's stuck to it ever since."

The two men grinned at each other, and Rocky left the room.

"I used to push Rocky in his baby carriage," his uncle said. "I was only 10 years old. Rocky's mother is my older sister. When she'd go inside the store, I'd stay outside and watch him. He was quite a big baby and a very handsome baby. I don't think anybody ever went by without stopping and looking at him.

"In football," Uncle Mike said, "Rocky showed a lot of strength because I can never remember them tak-



PEEKABOO GAME is played by Rocky, daughter Mary Anne in new game room.

ing him out for a replacement. He only played his second year in high school, then he quit to go to work. His family needed help. There were six children and work wasn't too good then in the shoe factories around.

"Rocky was 16 or 17. He worked as a laborer at a new camp they were building for G.I.s at Camp Standish, then he worked in the shipyards for a while. Then he went into the Army. He did some fighting there and reached the finals of one Army tournament in Oregon. Usually he didn't have much trouble with his fights. He knocked out most guys in the first round. He was a good baseball player, too, but he threw his arm out playing ball. He still was a real good hitter, though. I think he hit a ball farther than any big leaguer today. He had a tryout with the Chicago Cubs' farm in Fayetteville, down in North Carolina when he came out of the service, but his throwing arm was no good.

"He come up here and we had a talk and he said, 'Well, Mike, I got nothing

left in sports unless I want to play semipro football, but there's nothing left in that.' So then he thought he'd take a chance on fighting. He went into the Golden Gloves and won a local championship in Lowell, Mass., but lost in the eastern finals to Coley Wallace. That was the last fight he has ever lost. Then after a while he turned pro.

"My biggest thrill was when he won the championship. I kissed him that night. I never did that before in my life, but he had a lot of trouble in that fight where he couldn't see for a while, yet he went on to win the championship. I didn't care whether he fought any more after that."

Marciano popped back into the room. His exits and entrances are equally fast.

"Be sure to mention Uncle Mike," he said as he got back into the car. "He never sees his name in print and he'd like it. . . . We'll stop by my sister Conge's place. She keeps a scrapbook on me, the only one there is."

THREE-DECKER STOP

"That's the house, that three-decker there," Rocky said a few blocks later. Briskly he led the way again toward the rear of the house and the entrance to his sister's second-floor flat.

She was as pleased as her Uncle Mike had been to see her brother. Small, dark, attractive and speaking with the same soft New England accent, minus the r's, as her brother does, Conge, or Conge (Mrs. Robert Langway), was immediately hospitable.

"I'll make some coffee," she offered.

"No, no, don't bother, we haven't time," Rocky said. "Conge, where is that scrapbook?" Without waiting for an answer he walked straight through the spotlessly clean odd-fashioned kitchen toward the front of the flat.

"Oh, Rocky, it's not up to date," she protested when he returned with a huge scrapbook and placed it on the kitchen table. "I've got a whole basketful of clippings I haven't put in yet."

"It's only a wallpaper sample book," she said apologetically while her brother and Gengler went into the living room to watch television. "My husband brought it home for me because it was the only thing we could find that was big enough. I keep it here because if I let Rocky have it, he'll give it away. He loaned somebody the only pictures of him taken in the service and we never got them back."

She leafed through the pages. Against the colorful background of floral designs and stripes was pasted

her brother's fighting career. The clippings listed one knockout victory after another.

"He always wanted to be strong," she recalled. "At night when we were little, he slept on the davenport in the living room, and we could hear him exercising in there, bouncing around. It'd be freezing cold, but he'd have the windows wide open. My mother'd go in there and close them, but Rocky would open them again.

"He was always very generous, even as a little kid. He was no more than 12 one Christmas time when he and my sister, Alice, and I went uptown to buy Christmas presents for the family. We had about 50¢ to spend. We passed a Salvation Army Santa Claus, and Rocky grabbed our hands and twisted them a little bit and made us throw the money into the poor box. . . . We came home crying with only a little coffee strainer for our mother. . . . Rocky always felt sorry for the people

who didn't have anything even though we didn't have anything ourselves."

She looked in toward the living room, for fear her brother might overhear her talking.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

"He wouldn't like me to be telling this," she said. "I don't even know if he remembers it. . . . He hasn't changed. I think deep down in his heart he had a feeling he'd got there some day. He never bragged to people what he could do, or go around saying, 'I can lick this guy or that guy.' He just took the fights as they came. He'd come home after each fight in Providence and he'd have a big smile. Every once in a while he'd have a little patch on his face. . . . He made a mess of himself against Walcott," she said, cringing at the thought. "Rocky's never very good in the first few rounds, but he ends up wonderful. After he won the champion fight, people used

to ask us if he was different. Being even his sister, it was a little different. You don't know how to tell him how proud you are."

Her brother entered the kitchen and she looked up at him admiringly.

"You've talked about me long enough," Rocky said. "See you later. I'm going over to Mom's."

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Marchegiano were washing the dinner dishes when their son walked unannounced into the kitchen of their two-family house on Dover Street.

"This is my Mom and Dad," he said.

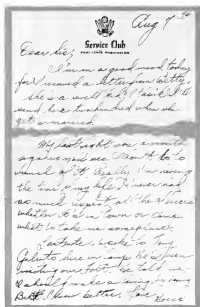
Mr. Marchegiano, a quiet, frail man who had been gassed in World War I, continued silently with his work, but Mrs. Marchegiano, gray-haired, round-faced, brown-eyed like her son, was lively in her greeting. Bustling about, she lifted a big kettle off the stove.

"I made this for you, Rocco."

"Gee, it smells good." Appreciatively

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A GENEROUS THOUGHT, A BAD PREDICTION AND THE PROOF



SOLDIER'S LETTER, written by Rocky to sister Conge in 1946, contains a typically generous promise of \$200 gift even though Marciano "knew" he will never make a living boxing.



FIGHTER'S SCRAPBOOK, kept in wallpaper-sample catalog by Conge, attests Marciano's prowess as a pugilist, failure as a seer. Niece Debbie, aged 2, likes to imitate her Uncle Rocky.

he sniffed the spaghetti, succulent with sauce and chicken.

"I've an omelet for you, too," his mother said, taking a hot dish from the oven where she had kept it warm. "It's got nice cheese and Italian sausage." She wrapped the plate in a clean dish towel and handed it to her son to take home.

"I know you're tired, Mom," he told her gently, "so we won't stay."

The day before, Sunday, Mrs. Marchegiano had cooked dinner for her entire brood: Rocky, his wife, Barbara, and their 3-year-old daughter, Mary Anne; the three married Marchegiano girls with their families and 15-year-old Peter, the youngest of the six, a center on the Brockton High School football team, just as his two brothers were. The only Marchegiano missing was Louis—Sonny—21, who was in the service, but who is out now. He has signed a contract with the Toronto Maple Leafs and will try out this spring as a third baseman.

THE SON'S SURPRISE

"My mother's quite a woman," Rocky said on the drive to his home. "I think everybody who's ever met her liked her. After my first champion fight in September, '52, I promised my folks a good surprise and asked them if they wanted to go to Italy. They planned to spend six or seven weeks there, but they got home much sooner. They were hurt about the poverty in my father's home town. It was too much for them so they came right home."

"Mom has never wanted me to fight," he said quietly. "She couldn't see it in the beginning at all. She never saw a fight of mine. The night of a fight, they tell me, she has a tough time. I always call her up after a fight, the minute it's over."

He was silent for a moment, then in a lighter mood, he said, "My father's always with me at training camp. He's a lot of help around here. He's a very good cook and he's happy when he's doing that. I have a hired chef at camp, but Pop makes Italian salad for me. He's got everything in it," he laughed, "and then some things you never heard about. Pop was a shoe factory man for years and years. He knows shoes from A to Z. . . . Brockton is a shoe city, you know. I must have 200 pairs of shoes. They give 'em to me by the bushel. I have to hold 'em back. I got 20 pairs of shoes at the homecoming party after the Joe Louis fight. It was

after that fight that I retired Pop. . . . He's happy the way everything's going. He can get some rest now."

In his own kitchen, while his wife dished up the spaghetti, Rocky dug into the breadbox for some Italian bread, broke it into giant-sized chunks and put it on the breakfast table where everyone gathered round. He eyed the omelet his mother had made, thought for a moment and then, casting calories and caution to the wind, he served himself a substantial portion.

"I can only eat like this after a fight," he said. "I've gained weight already, but I'll take it off."

"I'm the one who's got to take it off," Barbara Marciano said. "When Rocky's away, I eat too much."

Her husband looked fondly at his 27-year-old wife, an only child of Irish descent, as if to say, 'you look all right to me.'

"I met Barbara at a dance in Brockton," he reminisced. "'Can I see you?' I asked. 'I'm going to church tomorrow night,' she said. 'Do you mind if I take you?' I said. 'Okay.' So I took her to

Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. I seen her five days a week after that for three years before we got married. I had to make sure," he teased.

"Five days—it was more like seven," Mrs. Marciano protested.

"You know what happened," her husband continued. "I told Barbara I was going to be a fighter. Okay with her because she was an ace-number-one lifeguard in Brockton, probably one of the fastest swimmers in the city. She holds a record right now in the swimming meet. . . . Barbara, what's that record?"

"A free style," he said, before she had a chance to answer.

"She beat everybody who was trying out for lifeguards. Her father used to take her to fights and rasslin' matches and she knew what it was all about. When I started fighting amateurs in Lowell she came to watch them. I won my tournament in Lowell and got a Golden Glove with a ruby in it. I gave this to Barbara as our engagement."

"We had a necklace made out of it," Mrs. Marciano said.

WAITING ON WEILL

"We had a necklace made out of it," her husband repeated. "We were ready to get married after the first year, but my manager, Al Weill, talked to her. 'Rocky's got a career to start and you can help him if he's not married,' he told her. 'Why don't you wait a while? I'll let you know when I think it's right.'" He grinned. "Of course that didn't go over big with Barbara. We wanted to get married right away, but we knew Weill was a pretty intelligent guy so we listened. I didn't have any money and I had a little career started. I had won about 10 straight fights. We waited until two years before Weill told us, 'Now's a good time for you to get married.'"

"We got married on Dec. 30, 1950. I only had one good important fight in New York at the time we got married. We went down to Miami on a honeymoon for two weeks. I came back and started fighting again. Then I went right along and have been busy ever since."

"Barbara's happy," he stated without fear of contradiction. "We have a wonderful time after every fight. We have our vacations then."

Mrs. Marciano nodded in agreement. "On his vacation, Rocky just likes to relax at home. It's so seldom he ever has a chance to relax. We never discuss the future. We figure that will come fast enough."

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ROCKY ON BOXING

● My reach is only 68 inches. That's my disadvantage, so I've had to develop a style of my own. It's peculiar. I get low, bob and weave, crouch and move in, come forward all the time. . . . I'm not a good dancer and I'm not very graceful. Just a little awkward, you might say.

● My strength, I guess, would be condition, determination. Determination takes up the fact that you never give up. Right? That's determination! Strength! Punch!

● Archie Moore knocked me down in the second round. It's a very funny feeling. There's no pain, no fight, just the fact that you were knocked down. You realize that the other man can hit you and if you leave yourself open a couple of times like that you can lose the fight.

● We don't have a strategic campaign for a fight. We pick up as the fight goes along. It all depends on how the other guy fights. He might not fight the way you expected him to and that might upset you.

● When I walk down the aisle to the ring, I usually don't pay attention to any of the people. I don't want any distraction, but I hear people call out, "Rock, Rock, we're from Brockton!"

● When you step into the ring, you got to concentrate on that fight. I put my feet in the rosin so I'll have a good grip on my feet. I try not to think about anything, just waiting for that bell to start. It's a long wait.



THE MUSKRAT: ROGUE OF THE MARSHES

by DR. WILLIAM J. LONG

AS OUR CANOE glided down the lazy-winding Toledo one evening, with my Indian guide Simmo at the paddle, the arrowy wake of a Musquash, or a muskrat, broke the reflected splendor of heaven into rainbow-colored wavelets. Hoping to increase my scant knowledge of the Malecite tongue I asked, over a pointing finger, "What do you call him, Simmo?"

"Bes' callum *mittekegoos*, I t'ink," said Simmo, very quickly, his softly spoken words fading into the silence of woods and waters like the half-heard whisper of ripples that told the shore of a passing canoe.

Still looking at Musquash while I scrawled the surprising new name in a notebook that Simmo could not see (for he would tell me nothing of animal ways or of his own beliefs if he saw me writing it down), I asked again, as if reviewing an earlier lesson, "*Mitekego*, that means bad spirit, and *ris* means little; why you call him little bad spirit?"

"Cause Musquash all time cross with everybody," said Simmo. "He got fightin' face. First t'ing he do is bite somebody if he can. Make hees wife do all work buildin' winter house. W'en babies come she don't let hem in, 'fraid he eatum."

The charm of Simmo's animal lore is that he gives every wild creature a distinct individuality by pointing out some oddity of appearance or habit which ordinary eyes never

notice. As he spoke now, it occurred to me that Musquash certainly has a fighting face, as anyone may see at a glance, while a scar on my hand reminded me that he is quick to use his chisel teeth when one tries to pet or even to feed him. It may be either a characteristic trait or a mere coincidence that I have never seen more than one muskrat, presumably a female, doing all the work at housebuilding time. If it be true, as Simmo thinks, that Musquash is shut out of the lodge because he is not above eating his offspring, it is the more surprising how fast they multiply, for they have many other enemies—mink, fish, fox, bobcat, lynx, wolf, goshawk, barred owl, horned owl—all with a liking for their dark-colored but richly flavored flesh.

Happily they know nothing of enemies—not yet, being warm and sheltered and well fed. If you put an ear down to the lodge their squeaky little voices and the low mumble of one voice sound like an echo of the general heyday outside, where blackbirds are gurgling in the water maples and kingfishers spring their rattles over shoaling minnows and a solitary song sparrow trills his hallelujah from the upmost twig of a button bush, all telling the glad news that spring has come again. When twilight falls on the lonely marshland and bird voices are hushed, while peepers chime their wakeup chorus and a stake-driver or thunder-pumper seems

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MUSKRAT

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to be digging a hole in the bog, then every grown muskrat goes adventuring up and down the newly opened waterways. If you puff your cheeks now to blow a whining challenge at any of these voyageurs he will come quickly to your call.

Because he dwells by choice in marshlands that offer him plenty of food but are of little or no use to the farmer, Musquash still thrives in localities from which his great cousin, the beaver, has long since departed. Near my boyhood home in New England a mile-long marsh, with its deep, dark, winding stream, was still the habitation of many muskrats, as it had been in pioneer days; but now, as then, boys seldom ventured far into it even in broad daylight. By night, when big

frogs bellowed like the bulls of Bashan and bitterns made gaspy choking noises and a will-o'-the-wisp sometimes flickered in a ghostly dance—well, any boy who had to pass that marsh never loitered on his way or meditated any mischief.

Along one side of this treacherous marsh ran a willow-bordered road, built on a low embankment. Every springtime the bottom of it dropped out in places where Musquash dug his burrows or drove his tunnels, and the wrathful town fathers had another road-repair job on their hands. Naturally, they had no love for Musquash. On higher ground beyond the marsh lived a dozen or more families whose backyards sloped down to where saw-edged tussock grass proclaimed, "Thus far, but no farther," and every family had a yen for raising ducks or chickens. Frequently a mother duck would steal off to nest by the

streamside, but most of her eggs or ducklings came to grief when Musquash ate them. He is a vegetarian by the book, living mostly on water plants; but he not only likes fish, flesh, fowl and frogs but prefers them, I think, when a chance comes to catch them.

Wherever a chicken yard might be on that higher ground, you might find a tiny path leading up to it from the marsh. So it happened that my chum Johnnie, who had charge of his mother's flock of chickens, came to me with three problems that puzzled him. He had three or four setting hens, each with a clutch of 14 eggs; almost every morning some of the eggs were missing, and tracks told that Musquash was stealing them. His questions were: Why did Musquash spare the hen every time? How could he take the eggs without frightening her into a squawking protest that would rouse

LEARNING FROM THE FOX

In the Dec. 19th issue of *SI* the editors announced with pride the publication of the first in a series of newly discovered articles by a great naturalist and author of two generations ago, Dr. William J. Long. *SI* came into possession of these articles after their discovery, in an old safe in Dr. Long's former home, by his daughter, the writer Lois Long. It was immediately apparent that they constituted a find of great importance. Some, among the many articles found, had been published many years before. Others, after exhaustive checking, were at last considered to be unpublished and thus a literary discovery in the true sense of the phrase. *SI*'s first article, *Learning from the Fox*, was chosen to launch the series. It was only some 10 days after its publication that Miss Long and her agents learned, through a letter from an old friend of Dr. Long's, that this article (alone of the group purchased) had been published previously in *Sports Afield*.

As the following letters attest, *Learning from the Fox*, as well as all the other articles purchased by *SI* from the estate of Dr. Long, were sold as unpublished in perfect good faith by Miss Long and her agents, and purchased in perfect good faith as unpublished by *SI*.

The position of *Sports Afield*, as victims of an unfortunate misunderstanding, is best outlined by the letter published below from the magazine's editor, Ted Kesting. As for the editors of *SI*, we fully share Mr. Kesting's feelings about the merit and beauty of Dr. Long's writing, and we are continuing our series of his newly discovered works with the article presented on these pages, *Muskrat: Rogue of the Marshes*.

The letters from Miss Long and her agent and from Mr. Kesting follow:

The Editors
Sports Illustrated
9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N.Y.
Gentlemen:

As you know, we submitted this material (*Learning from the Fox*) in good faith and without knowledge that it had been previously published.

(Signed) Lois Long
Madeleine Brennan
(for Ingersoll & Brennan)

Mr. Sidney L. James
Managing Editor
Sports Illustrated
9 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N.Y.
Dear Mr. James:

Back in 1947 we carried some articles on Ernest Thompson Seton. In

one of them, the author repeated the now-famous tale of a woodcock that had put a bandage of clay and grass fibers around a shot-broken leg—the observation of Dr. William J. Long's that set off the "nature faker" controversy back in 1904. Dr. Long wrote me, explaining the whole thing, and I asked him if he wouldn't write an article for us—setting the record straight once and for all. He did so—and his piece, *That Woodcock Again*, ran in our July 1947 issue. A fine relationship with Dr. Long grew out of this incident, and he contributed 12 more articles to *Sports Afield* before his death.

In addition to *Learning from the Fox*, there were articles on *learning from the fish, deer, grouse, wolf, moose, caribou, salmon, pheasant, woodcock* lion and woodcock, the last of which appeared in our June 1953 issue.

I personally feel that there has never been better natural-history stuff written than that of Dr. Long's. I am pleased that you are introducing him to *Sports Illustrated* readers and know that you will get a good response—but we would be most appreciative of your acknowledgment as to where his *Learning from the Fox* and other "learning" articles originally appeared.

Cordially,
(Signed) Ted Kesting

the household? And how could he eat them without leaving a telltale mess of broken shells and yolks?

Two nights we watched till sleep overcame us, and in the morning more eggs were gone, leaving our scientific questions unanswered. Or were they only academic questions of no consequence? The time being early spring, when furs are prime, we decided to catch the thief by setting a trap in his path, and to profit by selling his pelt. Thus a week of nights passed without the loss of a single egg, and we caught four little thieves whose pelts we sold for 65¢, a fortune in those days. With it one could buy many eggs, three or four dozen, but a boy had better use for his money. Then came a night of full moon when, as we watched the set, a big muskrat came silently out of the marsh.

LIGHT-FINGERED THIEF

"Gee, he's a whopper!" whispered Johnnie, as a dark bulk emerged like a tiny boat out of a silver sea. Up the path he came, and went carefully around the trap, and followed his nose to the setting hen we had left as bait. Quietly he approached, like a harmless shadow, and the hen never moved, not even to lift her head. Any broody domestic fowl is like that, half bemused or wholly bemused. A brooding wild fowl is different; she keeps her wild wits and is always on guard.

How Musquash got an egg could not be seen in the deceptive light—probably by slipping a paw under the hen and coaxing it out. The next moment he was walking down the path on his hind legs, like a little bear, with the egg held by both forepaws against his chest. Around the trap he hop-hopped and into the marsh where, hidden by high grass, he ate his stolen egg.

So one learned for the first time that Musquash seldom eats his food where he finds it.

This dining-at-table habit is more plainly evident when Musquash finds a bed of fresh-water clams, for which tasteless food he has a liking. Invariably, I think, his first concern is to select a rock or log or stump to serve as a table. If the table happens to be a tussock of grass rising above the marsh level, he flattens off the top after cutting the grass to give him an outlook on all sides. Then he dives to the bottom of the lake or river for a single clam, which he carries to the tussock and goes back for another. Not until he has gathered enough for a meal does he crack open the clams to eat the blobby flesh, and usually to drop the

shells into the water beside his table. These "unic" shells—on the outside they are rough and bronze-green in color, on the inside smoother than satin and glowing like a rainbow with mother-of-pearl—are fragile as dainty china, and how Musquash opens without breaking them or even nicking the thin edge is his own secret.

The muskrat, you know, is a coastwise voyageur, rarely venturing out in the middle of lake or river but holding close to the shoreline on his nightly voyaging, which begins at sundown as a rule. Almost every season it happens, as from my canoe I watch a runway or a feeding ground—while twilight deepens into darkness and the silence is like

rapids, he somehow knows (either by inheritance from some remote ancestor or, more likely, by his own intelligent senses) how best to navigate in rough water. One summer, for example, the St. John River of New Brunswick fell so low that salmon failed to rise in what had been my lucky spot in a pool that was over a half mile long from lip to tail. Here, in other years, the current broke over a gravel bar to go jumping, swirling down; now the bar was partly exposed, and below it the current, though still deep enough to hold salmon, was slow as a marshland brook. To remedy the defect and to put more dissolved oxygen in the water (which is needful in warm weather)



the ringing of fairy bells—that Musquash sees a strange object blocking his path and swims up silently to find out about it, getting nearer and nearer till he halts close beside or behind me. And there, unseen, he watches through unblinking little eyes until some unconscious motion of mine tells him that the strange thing is alive. That is not much to learn, but enough for Musquash, whose courage, like that of all wild creatures, is set on a hair trigger. Down he goes on that instant with a mighty *k'pouss!*, like a rock falling into quiet water.

Though this coastwise voyageur is seldom found on a highland river, with its swirling dark current and white

I built a wing dam of rocks which backed up the current till it rose high enough to break over the obstructions. Once more the current went foaming down, and again a refreshed salmon might rise to the fly.

One day, as I fished this lucky part of the pool, a muskrat came upriver, holding close to shore; behind him, at intervals of a dozen yards, little arrowy wakes told of several others, all following the same course, like two or three other families, in a snakelike procession. When the first muskrat, a small one, came to the jumpy water he dove under it and vanished; a few moments later he rose at the foot of my wing

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MUSKRAT

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dam, climbed over it and went his way on the surface of the quiet water above. There another fisherman was surprised to see a young muskrat in such water, and came down to ask, "How did that little fellow get around your wing dam?" Together we watched as every muskrat in the procession, young and old, did the same thing—dove under the turmoil and crept over the dam as if there were no water.

When we see Keonek the otter—who is a powerful swimmer, a far-going traveler and the most playful of all wild animals—come to a white rapid we expect him to dive under the turmoil and make his way up in the quiet water near bottom, and then shoot merrily down the pitch for the fun of it; which he does because he is born and trained that way. One can only wonder at seeing a marsh-bred muskrat expertly navigate the first pitch of rough water he has ever seen. Plainly he knows how, but still we ask, How does he know?

In late summer or early autumn, when northern streams are usually at low ebb, Musquash begins to build a winter lodge, which is finished in a leisurely way of no hurry, no worry, growing higher and higher with rising water as if the builder were trying to make sure of having the upper part of his dwelling above the flood level. A typical winter lodge is from four to five feet in diameter at the base, from two to five feet high, varying with the height of the floods in the locality, and when finished has the dome shape of an old-fashioned bee skep or hive. Unlike the beaver, whose lodge is built of sticks, stones and grass liberally mixed with mud which the frost will make iron-hard, Musquash builds his house of water weeds, mostly, and uses but little mud, depending on freezing rain and sleet for his "cement." The only entrance is a dark tunnel leading from the bottom of lake or river up through the bank and through the middle of the lodge to a single living room under the domed top. Though the room serves as a dining hall and sleeping chamber for three or four months, it is always neat and clean, pervaded by a strong odor of musk, which in its natural state probably has an antiseptic quality, as oldtime doctors believed.

The double purpose of a lodge is to provide a dry nest where Musquash, the night rover, can sleep by day and where the young may be born in safety. Unlike the solid structure of a beaver

family, a Musquash lodge is a temporary affair, built for a single season; if broken open by trappers or washed away by a winter flood, the inmates escape to one of the many burrows which serve as refuges or resting places all the year round.

THE UNWANTED MALE

Whether a mated pair occupies the lodge for a time after the freezeup I have not been able to determine; but Simmo is probably right in saying that no male is permitted to enter a lodge after the young are born. The only wild enemy then to be feared is Cheekes the mink. In the dark tunnel of a lodge Cheekes would not dare face the bared teeth of a mother muskrat twice his weight; but when his nose tells him that she is not at home, he will slip in at risk of his neck to get one of the young.

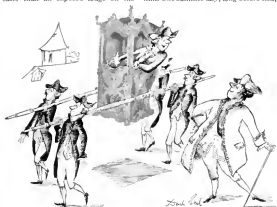
Every animal, we are now told, has an inborn behavior pattern (only a different name for "instinct") which not only impels but compels him to act like every other of his kind under similar circumstances. That is doubtless true, as a rule, but its exceptions are quite as significant and much more difficult to understand. Thus, any muskrat of the marshland instinctively builds a winter house of water weeds; but when he migrates to a higher locality, as often he does, he provides a winter dwelling by digging a burrow from the bottom of a lake or river up into a high bank and there makes a nest which is warmer, dryer and much safer than an exposed lodge on the

storm-swept lowland. This seems to imply that he has at least two behavior patterns to work on, and that he uses one or the other by an exercise of his individual will or intelligence.

It was once my good luck to see him rob a loon's nest, and here he handled a larger egg in a different way.

From a distance I had for hours been watching the brooding loon through my field glass, trying to make sure whether she sat on the eggs with her flat heavy underbody or, as it appeared, sat beside them and hugged them close to her side with her wing. It was noontide when at last she left the eggs and went far out on the lake to catch a fish or two by diving and chasing in deep water, for she cannot catch a fish in the shallows and will not even try. She was somewhere out of sight when my eye caught a bulging roll, like the wake of a big salmon, sweeping in toward the shore. Out of it rose, first, a little wedge-shaped head that glistened in the sunlight, then a rounded body with its fur sleeked down by a fast underwater passage.

Here, plainly to be seen, was Musquash again, heading straight for the loon's nest. He probably knew where it was and had been waiting for a safe chance to steal the eggs; or so one judged by his action, as stealthy as that of any other thief. It would certainly be dangerous for him or any of his kind to rob a loon's nest when the mother bird was on guard; a single thrust of her long, heavy, sharp-pointed bill would be enough to blind or cripple him. One summer day, long before this,



"I had it especially built. It has a 1761 Veritas Martin cabin, a 1762 set of handpoles, and the carriers are all men born in 1749."

I had seen a mother loon deal with a muskrat that tried to catch one of her downy chicks; within the minute she killed him, flung the limp body aside and headed her chicks quickly away from there, as from a place that was no longer clean.

I was thinking of him and, I confess, hoping that this other thieving muskrat would be caught in the act when he slipped into the marsh to be lost from sight as he wound his way amid dim channels arched over by bending grass. In a minute or two he came into view again, sliding up as if oiled to the loon's nest and acting as if he had not a moment to spare. With one of the eggs clasped to his belly, for it was apparently too big for him to lift in his paws, he lay on his back and kicked himself off the tussock into the mud below. For a few moments he was invisible, only a tremor of grass telling where he twisted through the winding channels; then out from under the green cover he came, carefully pushing or coaxing the egg along the oozy bottom. In evident haste, now that he was almost safe, he turned down the shore, away from the loon's nest, still rolling the big egg ahead of him.

What may have been another variation of the behavior pattern appeared one evening as I watched a narrow bay at the inlet of a wilderness lake, a favorite feeding ground for deer and moose. Against the low shore may canoe held motionless, its gray canvas merging into the gray-green of tall water grass that bent over as if to hide it. On this side of the bay spread a marshland, a living sea of bronze and gold, whereon every blade of rush or sedge, which had all day long rippled into silver at the wind's touch, now stood with bent head as if to sleep. On the other side the reflected glory of sunset was caught and held by stiller water. Somewhere beyond the marsh a solitary woodthrush was singing the *Angelus* in four blended notes, like the chiming of four little golden bells in perfect harmony.

With a shock to human nerves attuned to the silence came a rushing sound, a harsh whisper of saw grass, a loud splash of smitten water. At the bow of my canoe a little muskrat, not half-grown, burst into sight and hurled himself into the waiting lake. For a brief moment he swam on the surface, only his head and the arch of a tail visible; then down he went to be hidden in a cloud of mud stirred up from the bottom. Out of the cloud a wiggly brown streak reached out toward the other side of the bay. From the far end of it the muskrat alighted up till his

nose broke the surface, barely long enough for him to catch a breath of air before turning down again at a broad angle to his straightaway course and circling back toward his starting point. Watching his erratic flight, for so it looked at the time, one remembered that frogs and other of the lower orders habitually escape an enemy by stirring up a mud cloud; but how did a little muskrat learn that hiding trick, why did he not stay hidden and who was the enemy on his trail?

OUTFOXING THE MINK

The last question was hardly asked before a hunting mink glided out of the grass—a full-grown male, to judge by his size and the luster of his coat. Like all his weasel kind, Cheekies is a slow trailer but deadly sure. As he stood a moment at the water's edge he was near enough for me to note the raised snake-like head, the red blaze of an eye, the pointed nose that swung like a weather vane to catch the first scent of vanished game.

That enough scent for guidance still remained in or near the water was made evident when Cheekies glided into the lake, silent as a shadow, heading straight on the course Musquash had taken. As fox hunters say, he was holding the line. Along it he followed, only his head showing, until his eye or his nose caught sight or scent of the mud cloud, with its long outgoing streak. Over that streak he went, moving more confidently as he neared the far end, where, as if sure of himself, he held straight across the other side of the bay. The last seen of him was an arrowy wake speeding along the shoreline; from it rose now and then a pointed nose swinging to left or right as Cheekies sought the first whiff of scent to tell him where his game had gone.

Just beyond the bow of my canoe, meanwhile, only a few yards from where he had entered the water, Musquash was sitting under bending marsh grass, nervously washing his face with his paws, as all his kind do, and combing his fur to get the last tangle of mud or wire grass out of it. A hunted bull moose often circles back, perhaps instinctively, to watch beside his trail and find out who is following him, or a hunted man will sometimes reason it out that his safest place is where the hunt began because nobody would expect to find him there. One can only wonder by what instinct or intelligence a hunted muskrat, after throwing an enemy off his trail, turned back to the last place where Cheekies would come looking for him. (END)

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; SM—slightly high; FG—fishing good; FF—fishing fair; FP—fishing poor; OG—outlook good; OF—outlook fair; OVG—outlook very good

BLACK BASS: LOUISIANA: Ponds in the New Orleans area which were closed to fishermen during the duck season are now reopened and OG when weather warms.

MISSISSIPPI: Despite cold weather, FF/G in Chotard Lake, north of Vicksburg, and in private lakes of the Delta.

FLORIDA: Record cold spell spoiled sport for most fresh-water anglers, but weather and outlook should be better now. Hottest spots last week were stump-pounded backwaters of the Withlacoochee River 30 miles north of Tampa (where bass to 10 pounds were taking deep-trotted gold spoons).

CALIFORNIA: FYG and OG at Mead, Mohave and Havasupai reservoirs on lower Colorado River. Low water has stranded bass and catfish along the river, and sportmen have asked Reclamation Bureau to release more water from Davis and Hoover dams.

TENNESSEE: Record low levels of some TVA lakes due to abnormal drought are hampering fishing. Douglas Lake is merely a wide place in the river; Nettle is so low that many boat docks are almost a mile from water; fish rescue project is salvaging 200,000 bass and other game fish stranded at Cherokee Lake.

MINNESOTA: Lake Taconnet's C, N, FF, OF. Agent says new pork-rind seal is producing big bass when fished close to bottom with only slight movement. Upper part of Lake Bull Shoals C, & FG, but fish are smallish.

TROUT: NEW YORK: At request of fly-fishermen alarmed by heavy gaging pressure on Beaverkill conservation department has reduced steel limit on "big river" section (below junction pool at Roscoe) to five trout daily, and veteran fly-fishermen hope lower limit can be applied to other major streams.

NEW JERSEY: State Division of Fish and Game is securing bond of 43-year-old Pequest Fishing Club with fishing rights to 2½ miles of Pequest River, may build a state fish hatchery with greater output of trout than Hackensack.

STEELHEAD: WASHINGTON: Skagit River says FG, OF: as 40,000 steelhead released from Marblehead hatchery in 1953 are returning to river, averaging 7 pounds and hungry for winged cherry bobbers. Whole river is productive to Rockport; but spots are Guard Rail Hole, head of Dead Man's Slough, Turbott Hole, stretch of river off Wildcat, Steelhead Club Park and Young's Bar near Mt. Vernon. Anglers averaging two fish per trip and boaters having best luck. Bill Barry hooked 8-pounder above Reddy Weiberg, and while playing it he saw a tagged another leader with 24-pound fish attached; he landed both. In tributary South River: Water George Hole and Power Hole are top spots. Green River FG, OG above clay mine, Snohomish, Sequim, Tilamook and upper Cowlitz above Koomas all C, SE, FG, OG. Fast action reported from lower Cowlitz near Castle Rock, Hunculap, Dorevalaga and Duckabush rivers. Rich, Quetz, Salinas and Quinalt SE but clearing, FF, OG, Wy. nooch, Skatop and Samish FF, OF.

OREGON: New rains washed out sport on coastal streams, and OF/F through next week.

CALIFORNIA: FF on Guadalupe and other short streams despite rain last week, and OF, South of San Francisco, none fish reported in San Simon and San Luis Obispo creeks and in lagoon of Santa Ynez, but rains are needed.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: FYG last week and should continue. Cowichan River reported hottest in recent years; Nanaimo, Qualicum, Puntledge and Oyster all producing well. Campbell gage below Quamam. On the mainland, Velder is L but FG, Chehalis and Seymour FF, OF.

BOXING

by MARTIN KANE

TWO GENTLE HEAVYWEIGHTS MET
IN TORONTO LAST WEEK FOR THE
EMPIRE TITLE. AN EYEWITNESS
VERDICT: ROCKY NEKON'T WORRY

MORALITY hangs over the City of Toronto like smog over Los Angeles. On Sunday no newspaper publishes there, the movie houses are closed and it is not possible, if one were so minded, to brighten the cheerless day by buying a drink. Perhaps as a result of this seventh-day suppression of profane desires, the norms of entertainment value are distorted, at least in the sporting fellowship, so that a fight which might attract 374 persons to Madison Square Garden was able to draw 5,200 in Toronto last week.

It was a 12-round affair between James J. Parker, a personable, but by no means terrifying, young heavyweight from Saskatoon, and Johnny Arthur, the apartheid heavyweight champion of South Africa. The fight was billed as for the championship of the British Empire, and its major effect was to split the Commonwealth on yet another issue. The billing had the approval of the Canadian Boxing Federation but not of the British Boxing Board of Control, which really seems to care and insists that Don Cockell, for all his seeming retirement, remains Empire champion.

THE LOGIC OF IT ALL

The logic which set Parker and Arthur against each other for the Empire belt went something like this: Parker had fought a draw with the Canadian champion, Earl Walls, who then retired, and another draw with the freakishly inept but tree-top tall Ewart Potgeiter, who also retired. Thus Parker had drawn no less than two men into retirement. Nino Valdes had beaten both Parker and Cockell. Cockell had beaten Arthur.

It was all too clear. The winner of this fight must surely be a British champion, or *Alice* in Wonderland was writ by an Albanian.

The *Alice* motif became even clearer when the two fighters doffed their robes in the ring. Each had a roll of fat hanging over his belt and Arthur confessed later that he had done no roadwork. He had been afraid of catching cold, he said. He had done roadwork once before a fight and he caught cold. No more roadwork for him.

Furthermore, Arthur fought in a style which goes back to the original Marquess of Queensberry rules. They called for a "stand-up" fight and none of this ducking, bobbing and weaving. The only weaving Arthur did was purely involuntary. In the sixth round Parker, who had early displayed some knowledge of the jab, the hook and the cross, clopped him a right. It set

ABOUT BUDD SCHULBERG

SI's first boxing columnist, Budd Schulberg, whose writings in this magazine won him the Notre Dame award last spring, recently moved to Florida where he is busy with book and motion picture commitments. As a consequence, he will no longer be able to conduct SI's boxing column, although he expects to contribute special articles from time to time.

Arthur down for a mandatory eight-count. Arising, he fought back in dismay and a daze but Parker could not finish him. Parker did not need to. He won a unanimous decision.

After the fight, Honest Bill Daly greened his lavender shirt and insisted that some day Parker would fight Rocky Marciano. Honest Bill manages Parker and it may be that his

mind was a little unsettled by news of what was happening to the International Boxing Guild, of which he is the much-sought treasurer. Parker is in Marciano's class only in that he has an uncontrollable tendency to hit after the bell. He drew a few boos for this, but it seems unintentional.

The best fight of the day took place at the weigh-in, where a little man in a dented gray Homburg strode about ordering the fighters onto the scales when it came their turn. (Toronto weigh-ins are held privately in an anteroom and the press is given no opportunity to check on the accuracy of the scales or the eyes of the examiners.) The Homburg man was adamant that black trunks and white trunks would be worn. If two opposing fighters protested that they owned only black trunks, he made them toss a coin to see which would buy a white pair.

"Even in New York," he told them, "when they have a fight one fighter has to wear black trunks, the other has to wear white trunks. It's for contrast."

But there was one manager who said his preliminary boy didn't have any white trunks and wasn't going to buy any, either. A pair of trunks costs a fighter \$6.50 and that is quite an item in a pre-fight boxer's budget.

The manager said the Homburg man faced each other on the issue.

"It's for contrast," the Homburg man said again, but you could see he was weakening.

"My boy's got purple trunks," the manager said. "Anybody can't tell purple from black shouldn't be at a fight."

The Homburg man quit cold. "All right," he said. "Purple. That's a contrasting color." (END)



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TIP FROM THE TOP



For all golfers except
low-handicap players

from HAROLD SARGENT, East Lake Country Club,
Atlanta

The part played by the left arm—the controlling factor in the
good golf swing—starts at address. It should be neither stiff,
rigid, nor locked in joint at the elbow but it should be comfort-
ably extended. Throughout the backswing, the left arm should
remain firm and extended, for this enables a golfer to maintain
the wide arc that builds up power and, moreover, promotes ac-
curacy by helping to groove the same arc on swing after swing.

As many of us see it, the start of the downswing is probably
the most crucial part of the entire swing. At this point many
golfers make the costly error of letting the left arm virtually col-
lapse. When this happens, the right hand, arm and side imme-
diately take charge. Once in their grip, the player has no other
alternative than to hit "from the top of his swing." He moves
the club outside the correct line, and consequently he has to pull
it back across the line of flight as he contacts the ball. The result
of this hitting from the top is a slice if the club face is open, a
pull or a pulled hook if the club face is shut. How do you avoid
this? Make certain your left arm remains the controlling factor
as you start down from the top of the backswing.



CORRECT



CORRECT



INCORRECT



INCORRECT

The correct position at the
top of the backswing. Left
arm must stay in control
as golfer begins downswing

NEXT WEEK: RAY GAFFORD ON THE CHIP AND RUN

GOLF

RICHARD POLLARD REPORTS THE
CROSBY TOURNAMENT, WHERE DR.
MIDDLECOFF MUDDIED THROUGH
AND MR. CROSBY ENTERTAINED

Two facts most golfers were fairly sure of before were made clearer than ever during last week's Crosby tournament. First, Cary Middlecoff is certainly one of the game's finest "mudders." And second, as the following report by Dick Pollard brings out so well, a large part of the secret of the Crosby tournament's popularity is, simply, Bing Crosby.—H. W. W.

BEN HOGAN, the ex-caddy, and Bing Crosby, the ex-choirboy, teamed together last week to give northern Californians their most enjoyable golf exhibition in many a year. Playing to the largest single gallery in the history of Crosby's famed pro-amateur tournament (approximately 5,000), and fighting unpleasant weather conditions, Bing and Ben played superb if erratic golf and gave their happy followers a first-class show. It was Dr. Cary Middlecoff who took top individual honors; but it was the Hogan-Crosby team who took the crowds.

The fun started on the first tee at Cypress on Friday. Host Crosby showed up in a pair of brown knickerbockers, a beige cardigan, a cockily tilted red plaid cap and, of course, the inevitable pipe. As he prepared to tee up, the announcer requested the gallery to move away from the middle of the fairway. "Tell them to stay where they are," quipped Bing, "they're safer there."

Bing, with a seven-stroke handicap to work with, played a fine game that first round and enjoyed it. Hogan, too, was playing beautifully. But fine as it was, Hogan's golf was not as startling as his humor. Accustomed to applauding Hogan's cold, professionally perfect play, the gallery was delighted to see their man revealed as a human being—and a very attractive one.

Ben really came alive on the ocean holes, incredibly scoring four straight birdies on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th. This was fortunate for the team. For on Cypress' frightening 16th, Bing had gone for the green and had ended up, after a generous slice, on the rocky cove 50 feet below and short of the green. His first wedge shot hit the bank sharply and rolled back to his feet. The second attempt ricocheted off a sharp rock and into a trap on top of the cliff.

Bing clambered up, took one more stab at the ball and picked up.

Hogan's humor wore off a little on the second day. His borrowed putter defied him on the depressingly slow, water-logged greens at the Monterey Peninsula C.C. Fortunately Crosby, this day attired in greenish knickerbockers and a bright yellow cardigan, refused to tense up. He continued to amuse the galleries while helping his partner by 10 big strokes. Their combined second-round 63 dropped them to third.

Playing before a gallery of one dozen persons, last year's Crosby winner, Cary Middlecoff, was one of the few players who acted all along as if he wanted to win the 54-hole, individual medal-play event. He shot an opening round of 66 at Cypress. On Saturday he drew a few more fans away from the Crosby-Hogan duo at Monterey Peninsula and came in with a fine (considering the condition of the course) 68.

Mike Souchak combined an opening-day round of 64 at Monterey with an erratically played 71 at Cypress on Saturday. Bobby Rosburg, San Francisco's temperamental professional, found his game for the first time this winter, combining a first-day 69 at Cypress with a second-day 65 at Monterey to lead the field. Souchak and Middlecoff were one stroke back.

The rains which had thoughtfully

held off two days arrived on the Monterey Peninsula late Saturday afternoon. It poured all that night and continued through Sunday. When the players started off at Pebble Beach on Sunday morning there were small lakes on some greens and the fairways were swamps. A drenching, bitter wind blew in from the ocean and swept across the already treacherous Pebble course.

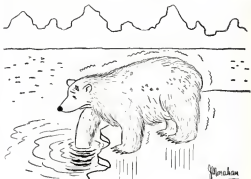
Bobby Rosburg was off early and quickly three-putted himself out of contention. That left Souchak and Middlecoff.

Mike was in trouble on nearly every hole but miraculously fought off bogeys all the way. A par on the 18th gave him 72 for the day. Right behind him came Cary Middlecoff, who was playing the final round at Pebble just as if it was dry and sunny.

If ever Middlecoff was going to lose a stroke, the 14th was the spot. This endless (550-yard) dog-leg is tough enough on dry days, but on Sunday it must have played 600 yards long. Dr. Cary was up close with two tremendous woods, chipped up well and canned a good putt for his birdie.

Now 4 under and a good five strokes ahead of his nearest competitor, Cary played par golf the rest of the way in. He didn't falter or play safe on the last two ocean holes. On the final hole, two straight woods, a slightly pulled nine-iron and two putts made it 33 strokes on the back nine for a 68.

Though a weary Hogan struggled in with an 81, shooting himself out of the individual, and his host Bing Crosby out of the pro-am competition, Bing was still clowning at the end. He back-handed his last putt right into the hole and exited with a buck and waggled the green. (END)



SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Freshman football in 1955 drew few headlines, but a look around by SI indicates the
haves—like Oklahoma, UCLA, Maryland, Michigan State—have more on the way

WHENEVER THE TALK about a promising freshman football player soared off into rapturous heights at Illinois, veteran Coach Bob Zuppke had a way of bringing it back to earth. "That boy," he would point out, "ain't gained a yard yet for the varsity."

Most head coaches still feel that way—in public. But no one, even in the Big Ten where the freshmen do not play games, can stop the old grads from bubbling with anticipation over a particularly splendid prospect. In the season just past, old grads from coast to coast had a lot to bubble about.

Herewith a report from SI correspondents on the impressive class of '59:

West Coast. Around the nation the rich were getting richer and nowhere was it more evident than on the Pacific Coast—which is another way of saying UCLA had its best freshman football team since 1937. This made the future especially black for other conference schools because Coach Red Sanders historically has dragged on his varsity juggernauts from the ranks of the junior colleges and has paid only superficial attention to his frosh team. Now there are indications that he has an integrated football factory and the watchword for the rest of the league is *sauze-qui-peut*, which is French for "Don't schedule UCLA if you can get Idaho." The prime reason for an unbroken season for the Little Bruins was a Beverly Hills tailback who proved to be a kind of rookie Ronnie Knox. His name is Donie Long and he threw six touchdown passes and ran for three more in three games. UCLA also had an outstanding pass-catching end in Dick Wallen and a fine varsity line prospect in chunky Guard Clint Whitfield. Southern Cal had no really first-rate line prospects (which is where the critical Trojan shortage will occur next fall) but did have two terrific running backs (with which the varsity is already loaded) in Rex Johnston and Tony Ortega.

—JAMES MURRAY, LOS ANGELES

At California they converted a big basketball player named Joe Kapp into a really capable T formation quarterback and are already booming 235-pound Tackle Don DiRienzo as a future All-American. But the big news on the Coast, besides UCLA, was College of Pacific's incomparable Dick Bass (SI, Nov. 22, '54). On Bass, statistics will suffice: COP played three games, won all three and Bass scored 10 of the 11 touchdowns. He ran 29, 30 and 52

yards for scores against the Fresno State Frosh; 85 and 57 against San Jose, and 59, 58 and 34 against San Francisco State.

—DICK POLLARD, SAN FRANCISCO

Rocky Mountains. Utah's freshmen haven't lost a game in two years and Skyline Conference coaches agree they appear to be the best around. Best of the frosh crop was a slick 175-pound quarterback named Pete Haun who will almost surely be leading the Ute varsity next fall. If there was another team in the league with equal ability, it was over on the other side of the mountains at New Mexico where an estimated dozen freshmen, headed by a brilliant running back named Anthony Gray, will move right into varsity jobs. But the Air Force Academy (which beat all its five Skyline Conference opponents except Utah—and lost to all three of its Big Seven opponents) may have the best material in the area. No. 1 for the fledgling Falcons was George Klutznick, a quarterback from Pennsylvania who earned the praise of Oklahoma Coach Norman McNabb as "the best back on the field" despite Air Force's 48-12 loss to the souped-up young Sooners. The rest of the Skyline area had to be content with discovering some great young individual prospects, one being Wyoming's 235-pound Bob Houser, called by Air Force Coach Bob Whitlow "the best tackle I've seen."

—ED OGLE, DENVER

The Southwest. The recruiting trouble which caused Texas A&M all its problems last fall centered on the 1955 freshman team Coach Paul Bryant had rounded up somewhat overinductively. By season's end, A&M was convinced of one thing: they were worth it. The little Aggies were edged out of the unofficial conference championship by Rice and SMU but wound up by showing exceptional balance



MARYLAND END Al Beardsley was a terror on defense for an undefeated team.



UCLA QUARTERBACK Donnie Long is already a great passer, needs experience.

and two real standouts in Quarterback Luther Hall, a converted fullback, and End Don Urvey, one of the finest all-around athletes in Texas schoolboy history. SMU produced an accomplished split-T quarterback named Larry Click, who should be ready to take over for graduating SMU Varsity Quarterback John Roach, several hard-running fullbacks and half a dozen 1956 varsity candidates in the line. Rice, which topped badly last year because of lack of speed, has apparently found a solution down in the freshman backfield; speedsters G. F. Albrook and Dan Shuford. Baylor didn't win the first-year title but almost surely had the Southwest's best lineman: Charles Horton, a 220-pound tackle from Waco who, they say, can't miss being All-America by 1958. And the University of Texas, with one of its weaker freshman teams, still had Vince Matthews, who may be only the best passer in the Southwest since Sammy Baugh. But not all Texas high school players enrolled in Texas colleges; as usual some went to play for Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson, the greatest border raider since Pancho Villa. Oklahoma, the national champion, loses only six members of its first three teams by graduation and appears to need help about as bad as the Brooklyn Dodgers, but help is on the way just the same—which is undoubtedly why Wilkinson always wins. The Sooner frosh were unbeaten and had brilliant performers in Jackie Sandefer, a halfback from Breckenridge, Texas who averaged 19.3 yards a carry, and Quarterback Lonnie Holland from Plainview, Texas who completed over half his passes and ran for three touchdowns.

—TEX MACLE, DALLAS

South. A look at the Atlantic Coast Conference freshman record makes one wonder again why Jim Tatum left Maryland for North Carolina. The best freshman team in the entire South? Why, Maryland, of course. The worst? Very possibly North Carolina. Yet Maryland, even with its first undefeated freshman team in history, didn't rank too far ahead of some others. North Carolina State, for example, expects to graduate five members to starting varsity jobs next year; Duke, for another, which had a massive line that may have to move right into first-string shoes to protect varsity graduation losses and appears perfectly capable of handling the job; and Clemson, which had a mediocre record but some brilliant individual prospects. Over in the Southeast Conference, the material was at least as good. Georgia lost a game but had the most crunchingly powerful freshman team in the league and the best at the school since the 1939 Frankie Sinkwich yearlings used to push the Georgia varsity all over the field. Mississippi State was unbeaten in its three games and had a tremendous backfield; Auburn was so-so as a team but possessed some outstanding individuals, an item of much greater importance to a head coach, who seldom worries about frosh won-lost records as long as replacements are produced in reasonable numbers for his graduating varsity. From this host of good football teams in the South came a tidal wave of future all-stars. But the best appeared to be Halfback Tommy Loeino of Auburn, blessed with lightning speed and shiftness, one of the most fabulous high school football players the state of Alabama has ever produced; Bob Sedlock, a 17-year-old giant who weighs 232 pounds, can move fast and will play tackle for Georgia; Carl Smith, a 200-pound fullback who scored 47 touchdowns his senior year in high school, put in a service hitch and then had 25 college and three professional offers before deciding upon Tennessee; Clemson's Rudy Hayes, a 220-pound halfback who can run the 100 in 10 flat; King Dixon, the pride of South Carolina, who brought praise from opposing coaches and ran kick-offs back 93 and 92 yards; and Maryland's impressive pair, Ted Kershner, a 170-pound halfback with great speed, and Al Beardsley, lauded by Tatum as the finest freshman defensive end he has ever seen—at least that's what he said when he was still at Maryland.

—LEE GRIGGS, ATLANTA

East. The records show that about the

best freshman team in the East was at Annapolis and Coach Eddie Erdelatz can expect some varsity help next fall from a group which won five and lost only to Maryland. Best of the lot were a 220-pound converted back named Bob Reisinger who was moved to tackle, 200-pound Fullback Fred Long and little breakaway runner Richard Dagampat. Army's plebes had a 4-1 record but most important to Coach Earl Blaik, they showed two very promising quarterbacks—both left-handed and both from Michigan—Pete Dawkins and Charles Darby. One of them will be running the varsity next fall. The outstanding player on the team, however, was Bill Rowe, a center.

Pitt's freshmen didn't have an impressive record (two losses, two ties) but the team presents food for thought. Back in the days of Jack Sutherland, most of the players came from western Pennsylvania. For years now, the best of the home-grown crop has been going elsewhere; or they were until last fall when Coach John Michelosen proved again he could profit by the teachings of his old coach and loaded up with boys from the Pittsburgh area. Now Pitt is back in the national picture and

continued on next page



OKLAHOMA HALFBACK Jackie Sandefer raced through three foes for 708 yards.

Projectionists we have known:



Burnout Bernie

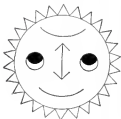
Also known as No-Spare Sun. Takes in the rays—only. Thanks to an... (text is partially obscured by the product image). Bernie's been a blinding out for years! Don't be like Bernie. Buy a Le-Lit projection lamp... (text is partially obscured by the product image)...



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Many thousands of Americans are cured of cancer every year. More and more people are going to their doctors in time... To learn how to head off cancer, call the American Cancer Society or write to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

American Cancer Society

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL

continued from page 43

some of the 1955 fledglings figure to help keep them there. Best of these was 180-pound Quarterback Bill Kalidem.

The Ivy League, which abolished pressure-recruiting in hopes of achieving a nice balance, appears to be succeeding; it was the one section of the country where the have-nots came up with the best freshmen. Harvard, Dartmouth, Brown and Penn picked up some fine prospects while Princeton, Yale and Cornell, conference leaders the past few years, showed little gain. Only Columbia of the have-nots still hasn't. The most talked about player was Brown's Jack McTigue, a 170-pounder who is rated an outstanding runner and kicker and who will get a chance to show his varsity capabilities early—the top eight Brown backs of 1955 are to graduate. Harvard gets help where it is needed most, in the line, particularly from 240-pound Pete Briggs and 225-pound Bob Shaughnessy. At Dartmouth, they are looking forward to three years of watching Jim Burke, a 185-pound halfback who three times ran back punts for over 85 yards, and Dave Lawrence, a 248-pound tackle. Another standout was Hal Musiek, called the best passer and punter seen at Penn since Reds Bagnell.

—PAUL ABRAMSON, NEW YORK

Midwest. Neither the Big Ten teams nor Notre Dame played freshman games but there was a suspicion, nevertheless, that a few football players were lurking around. In fact the word was out that the crop was so good even

Zappke might have managed a sly grin of anticipation. Again the have-nots—Ohio State, Michigan State and Notre Dame—appeared to lead the rest. The Ohio State freshman line outweighed the varsity last fall and the only bigger one belonged to Michigan State; there, 14 of Duffy Daugherty's yearling linemen weighed over 220 pounds. The best of the lot appeared to be a strapping line-backer of 210 named Francis O'Brien, and a tiny little halfback only 5 feet 4 in height and weighing 149 pounds. His name is Henny Young and although he may never be as good as his famous brother Buddy (Illinois, '47), if he just comes close, that should be enough.

At Indiana they're calling Willie Jones the most promising breakaway back since George Taliaferro, and Illinois is going to be well set with its best freshman team in years moving up to varsity status. Two of the best are Tackle Ron Nietupski, already causing heartburn among Big Ten coaches, and Fullback Jack Delveaux, who runs like a man among boys. And at Michigan, where Freshman Coach Wally Weber demands his lads hit so hard that "generations yet unborn will feel the shock," the freshman who shook up the future the most was Fullback John Bernstein, who may be the line-plunger Michigan so badly needs.

Terry Brennan at Notre Dame admits that his 1955 freshman crop looked a little better than its recent predecessors and that a couple of them might turn out to be football players. One is a spectacular end named Bob Wotoska, the other a big, bruising tackle named Bronco Nagurski Jr.

—DICK BORTH, CHICAGO



BASKETBALL

by ROY TERRELL

EVEN THE LOSS OF K. C. JONES
MAY NOT COST SAN FRANCISCO
THE NCAA TITLE—BUT IT WILL
MAKE THE DONS' JOB TOUGHER

ALL NORMAL METHODS having failed, resigned opponents were prepared to invoke extraterrestrial assistance last week as the only remaining hope of stopping the University of San Francisco before it won another national basketball championship. But as Coach Phil Woolpert's Dons wrapped up their 39th consecutive victory, equalling an alltime record, a man-made body arose to threaten their domination. San Francisco Guard K. C. Jones, said the National Collegiate Athletic Association, will be ineligible for postseason competition.

Basis of the ruling was one game which Jones played back in 1953 before being laid low the rest of the year by an attack of appendicitis. His own confession, the California Basketball Association, wrote the game off the books and voted to allow Jones a fifth varsity season. Not so the NCAA, the august ruling body of college sport, which is concerned only with dispensing justice and maintains admirable disinterest in the face of such mundane matters as won-lost records or ailing appendices. K. C. Jones, said the NCAA with the detachment of a local draft board, will sit out the NCAA tournament—and no back talk allowed.

The question of whether San Francisco will be present for the Far West regional playoffs at Corvallis, Ore. next March appears academic. Barring a semicentennial visitation of the 1906 earthquake or Bill Russell jumping all the way out of a gymnasium while chasing a rebound, the Dons will be there. With Jones eligible throughout the regular season, no one in the CBA is even considered good warmup competition for the defending NCAA champions, and the two remaining Pacific Coast Conference teams on the schedule, Californian (Jan. 28) and Stanford (Feb. 4), are expected to enter the record merely as victims No. 40 and 43 on the Don victory string.

But once the playoffs start, San Francisco will face a steady succession of good teams, and it is then the loss of Jones will be felt. It is a loss which would surely cripple any other team in the country. Although overshadowed by Russell (SI, Jan. 9), Jones is still

recognized as All-American timber in his own right by those inside the game. With his brilliant speed, deadly set shot from outside and dogged defensive ability, he has been the perfect foil for the elongated Russell, who operates entirely from close under the basket. In addition, Jones is also captain of the Dons, their play-maker and spark, and the friend as well as teammate upon whom the sometimes diffident Russell leans for support.

K. C.'s value to the Dons becomes even more evident when one considers that in these days of the sagging defense and three-on-one tactics, it is necessary for a team with championship aspirations to have not one but two players of all-star caliber. Last year Tom Gola was easily the greatest college basketball player east of the Oakland Bay Bridge, but when La Salle ran into other teams with two great players (Dick Ricketts and Si Green of Duquesne, Russell and Jones of San Francisco), Gola wasn't enough. The same was true for Duquesne when it was forced, because of ailments and injuries, to play once without Green and twice with a subpar Ricketts; the Dukes lost all three. This year, with Ricketts gone, Green has been even better but Duquesne is just another basketball team. Meanwhile unbeaten Dayton has a brilliant one-two punch in Bill Uhl and Jim Paxson, and North Carolina State remained undefeated as long as tall Ron Shavlik and the incomparable guard Vic Molodet were able to work their

magic together; the night two weeks ago that Molodet remained on the sidelines with a virus attack, the Wolfpack lost to Duke.

There are those, of course, who say that San Francisco is so blessed with reserve strength that even the loss of Jones can't stop them from winning the NCAA title again. Both Joe Lapchick of the New York Knickerbockers and Dadey Moore of Duquesne consider this the finest team in the history of college basketball, Kentucky of the Beard-Grona-Jones era notwithstanding. Moore, with an envious eye on the sidelines, adds: "San Francisco has the two best teams in the country—one on the floor and one on the bench."

Phil Woolpert himself, although not exactly overjoyed with the NCAA ruling, refuses to be drawn into the argument, preferring to worry about the playoffs if and when the Dons get there. "We'll miss Jones," the San Francisco coach admits, "but we have a fine replacement in Eugene Brown." He is undoubtedly right since Brown, a sophomore, was once pointed out as the best substitute in America. "He'd be a star on any other team," the man said.

But the playoffs are still months away and last week most teams across the country weren't planning that far ahead. It was enough if they could just keep moving in the right direction in the face of heavy conference schedules and build up a respectful record before taking a break for midyear exams this week.

The South. Vanderbilt, Kentucky and Alabama, each unbeaten in three games, ended the week in a tie for the Southeastern Conference lead. Al Rochelle led Vanderbilt past Georgia Tech and Mississippi; Jerry Harper sparked in two Alabama victories, and Bob Burrow had a field day against LSU with 50 points, just one short of Cliff Hagan's all-time Kentucky one-game scoring record. The Southern Conference race fell apart, and at week's end West Virginia was sailing along serenely on top with a 5-1 record. But the big news was the way Darrell Floyd answered the challenge of Ohio State's Robin Freeman in their battle for national scoring supremacy. The Furman sharpshooter scored 37 points against William & Mary but was then held to 22 by Richmond and 18 by Davidson, the first time in 38 games that Floyd has scored less than 20 points. Saturday night, however, in a 112-68 victory over The Citadel, he hit 62 points and ran his average back up to 33.6. Freeman had a 33.4 average after scoring 71 points in two games. Duke and North Carolina were tied for the Atlantic Coast Conference lead, with six wins and one loss apiece, after Maryland, which entered the week with the best record, fell to both North Carolina State and Duke. N.C. State, the nation's third-ranked team, was close behind at 4-1. The week's big scoring performances

BASKETBALL'S TOP TEN

(Versus of the Associated Press without poll)
Team standings this week (last-place voting in parentheses)

	Points
1—San Francisco (22)	2,397
2—Deyton (22)	1,515
3—North Carolina State (1)	825
4—Kentucky (3)	825
5—Vanderbilt (3)	655
6—Hawaii (1)	455
7—Duke (1)	432
8—Temple (1)	386
9—North Carolina	296
10—Louisville (1)	203

FOURTEEN-UP: 11, Ohio State (7); 12, Holy Cross (1); 13, Alabama (4); 14, Georgia Tech (4); 15, Memphis State (7); 16, Utah (1); 17, St. Louis (1); 18, UCLA (2); 19, Southwestern (1); 20, Iowa and Oklahoma A&M (2).

continued on next page

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PERCY AND STRIPES

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BASKETBALL

continued from page 45

were 38 points by Ronnie Mayer of Duke against Maryland and Lennie Rosenbluth's series of 25, 30 and 45 points in three North Carolina wins, the last a 193-89 double-overtime affair with Clemson. Independent Louisville won twice for a 13-1 season record.

The Midwest. Illinois was the only unbeaten team in the Big Ten (3-0), but Purdue and Michigan remained in close pursuit (2-1) and the pre-season favorite Iowa, after a slow start, flashed a warning by winning two straight. Included among the Hawk-eye victims was Ohio State, which went into the game ranked No. 7 nationally but couldn't muster adequate support for Rob-in Freeman's 37 points and lost its first conference game by an 88-73 score. Defending Champion Colorado led the Big Seven with a 2-0 record after Kansas knocked Kansas State out of the lead and left both teams tied for second at 2-1. St. Louis rolled along at the top of the Missouri Valley with a 4-0 record, while Houston, which opened the week with two convincing victories, fell before Oklahoma A&M, the new second place club (2-0). The best team in all the sprawling Midwest, however, continued to be independent Dayton, unbeaten in 12 games and second-ranked nationally. The Flyers scored an 83-73 victory over Canis-us in their only game.

The West. San Francisco easily won victories No. 38 and 39 over Santa Clara and Fresno State, then prepared to take a break before going after a new national record against California Jan. 28. UCLA (4-0) won twice to remain the lone unbeaten team in the Pacific Coast Conference; Stanford, with one loss, was prepared to offer the only serious challenge. Utah and Brigham Young sailed along atop the Skyline Conference with 4-0 and 3-0 records, but the scoring prowess of Utah's Art Bunte and New Mexico's Toby Roybal hogged the headlines. Roybal scored 45 points against Montana to break Bunte's old conference record by two, then hit 36 the next night against the same team. Bunte, meanwhile, tossed in 38 against Denver and when the two shot-makers finally met in the last game of the week, he outscored Roybal 25 points to 21, Utah winning 87-73.

The Southwest. Southern Methodist, with wonderful balance and a red-hot outside shooter in Larry Showalter, continued to look like one of the better teams in Southwest Conference history. The Mustangs ran their season record to 13-2 and conference mark to 3-0 with a 97-69 victory over Texas A&M but discovered they still weren't out of the woods. Surprising Arkansas, which beat Rice and Texas during the week with a puzzling zone defense, was also tied for the lead at 3-0.

The East. Princeton played one conference game, beating pre-season favorite Dartmouth 59-57, and continued to lead the Ivy League with a 3-0 record. Close behind, however, was Columbia at 2-0 and with the best season record (8-3). The East also boasted a major unbeaten team, Temple (10-0) after victories over Villanova and Manhattan. But two of the best in the area still appeared to be Holy Cross, which has lost only to San Francisco and Alabama, and Seton Hall, beaten once in 13 games. (END)

SUBJECT: ROCKY MARCIANO

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Little Mary Anne Marciano, who had napped earlier and was allowed to stay up late because her father was home, wandered into the kitchen, carrying her mascot, a stuffed poodle named Skippy which was almost as big as she was.

"Hi, sweetie-pie! Hi, doll-face!" her father greeted her, sweeping her into his arms and kissing her.

His embrace was tender.

"What is it like being married to the heavyweight champion of the world?" Mrs. Marciano was asked. "Are you afraid of him?"

"Afraid of Rocky?" She was staggered at the thought. "I don't think I've ever seen Rocky mad."

"I try to save it for the ring," he said without dramatics.

Frank Gengler, who had been listening with great interest to the conversation, rushed to his friend's defense. "I don't think of Rocky as a fighter in my association with him," Gengler said, "but as a man. I've met a lot of people in my travels, but Rocky has a character that's one in a million. It wouldn't make any difference to me if he had 20 championships if he wasn't the personable fellow that he is. If I were to tell him something in confidence, that would be it. It wouldn't go any further. He's just that type of fellow."

The compliments were flying too thick and fast for Rocky. He looked abashed, but secretly pleased, as if to say, "That's me they're talking about."

ROCKY'S A PUSHOVER

Another friend of his, Allie Colombo, a childhood chum who was at various times Marciano's trainer and second when Rocky was fighting amateur and who is still associated with the champion as confidant, had remarked earlier in the day, "Rocky's the least conceited person I know. He's a pushover for a hard-luck story. Some fellow came up to camp and tried to sell some uranium stock. I didn't buy any, but I think Rocky did. He felt sorry for the guy. He always does."

"Oh, I think Rocky's got his money pretty well invested," Colombo said, "but he's never paid any attention to possessions. Even when he was a kid, if he only had one pair of shoes, he'd walk right through the mud with them. . . . But Rocky's always taken care of himself. When he was a kid, he went to the Y once and was going to lift some weights and some man said, 'Don't do that—you'll get muscle-

bound.' That stuck in Rocky's mind. He never lifted weights after that. The secret of his strength is the elasticity of his long muscles. His upper arms are soft and pliable. Even his stomach is fleshy, not muscle-bound. That way it absorbs pain. He can take a punch and it doesn't hurt."

The champ himself discussed conditioning after the supper dishes were washed and the others had gone into the den.

"I like to train," he said. "I always thought that fighting mainly was condition; to be able to go 10, 15 rounds at a high speed requires good conditioning and that makes a big difference with a lot of fighters. Some fighters have ability, but they don't condition themselves properly. I always try to condition myself the right way. It's no effort for me. I enjoy it because I know it'll be helpful to me. I don't smoke or drink—but I've got a sweet tooth," he chuckled as he opened the icebox door and extracted a carton of milk and a chocolate cream pie.

"I won't fight until June," he said, "so we don't worry too much about opponents because that's a long time and a lot of things can happen. It gives me until April to do what I want to do, so I'll spend most of my time at home. I've got the road trips behind me where I refereed those boxing matches, and I've made a lot of appearances and things so now I can settle down for a

while. I'll start to train two months before the fight."

Marciano didn't talk about retiring, but one thing seemed certain. He wants to go out champion, well-heeled, well-liked, with something else to do. Fighting is big business with Rocky Marciano. He wants to be a success.

As he stood there in his kitchen, drinking his milk and eating his chocolate cream pie, he looked smaller than he does in the ring and younger than his 32 years. It seemed odd that he should earn his living with his fists, for he was loath to hurt anyone.

"Sure, when the Archie Moore fight was over," Marciano said, "I went over to him and asked him how he felt. You're concerned about the guy you've just knocked out. You know him and hope he isn't hurt too bad. What the heck, I did my job. I licked the guy. I don't hold a grudge against him. If it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have made all that money. The guy made a great fight of it. People enjoyed it. We had the biggest crowd and it helps the sport."

"The only trouble with being the titleholder," he said slowly, as though he were betraying a confidence, "is that it takes most of your time, most of your privacy, most of your home life. . . . I know a lot of people in this town. I'm not home too often and not able to visit all my pals. The ones I don't visit, they think something's happened to me. Well, nothing's happened . . . the day just isn't long enough." (END)



BIRTHDAY PARTY for parents Barbara and Rocky Marciano is observed by Mary Anne, who attacks giant slab of cake at her father's training camp before Moore bout.

TIMBERLINE: TRIUMPH AFTER SCANDAL



A year ago the great lodge high on Oregon's Mt. Hood was dying; now the skiers (opposite) are back and the future is bright. Here is the untold story of Timberline's neglect and mismanagement—and of the young enterpriser who saved it

THE STORY of Timberline Lodge is a strange but heart-warming tale. It revolves around two men: one, an ambitious opportunist and his first, disastrous fling at a really big-time operation; the other, a wealthy young man who abandoned a career in social work to become what he had never dreamed of—the operator of one of America's largest ski resorts, the man who brought Timberline back from the brink of ruin to its rightful place as one of the nation's most spectacularly beautiful and popular skiing areas.

Twenty years ago Timberline Lodge was conceived in the minds of a group of businessmen and bankers in Portland, Oregon. They saw, high on the vast snow fields of Mt. Hood, some 50 miles away, the prospect of a magnificent skiing area which could be used by Portland's 370,000 people and other skiers from more distant places the year round. The U.S. Government, in a unique make-work project born of the Depression, realized the dream. CCC workers hacked and blasted a road to the area, 6,000 feet high at the timberline, where a great lodge was to be built. They moved the massive rocks into place for its walls, winched the huge timbers which supported it up the mountainside and set in place the massive uprights, three and a half feet thick, 40 feet high, which stand in its main lobby. Hand-wrought iron,

hand-made furniture, hand-carved railings and newel posts went into its construction. WPA artists contributed more than 100 paintings of Mt. Hood flora and fauna, and government sewing projects sent the hand-woven draperies and upholstery in original designs that decorated its rooms and windows. It took one million dollars and two years to finish the 360-foot-long lodge, four stories high, topped by a 750-pound brass and bronze weather vane. Five million dollars could not duplicate it today, with its chair lift along the Magic Mile to Silex Hut at the 7,000-foot level; yet it took barely a year to

bring the entire resort to the point of dissolution.

For 14 years Timberline was leased out by the U.S. Forest Service (which, as the agency in charge of Mt. Hood National Forest where the resort is located, was responsible for it) to a quasi-public organization of the Portland businessmen and bankers who had conceived it. By and large, it paid its way. Sometimes, in stormy seasons, it lost as much as \$100,000, but the losses were always made up by better years. For the men who ran it, however, it was a time-consuming, unremanerative enterprise. In 1952 they decided a resident manager with his own investment would be better for the resort and everyone concerned. Three Portland citizens put up the money, and the lease was transferred to them.

That was when Timberline's troubles began. "They made a mistake right away," one of the trustees said later. "They put a lot of money into improvements, and ran out of working capital. When other things didn't work out for them, they were in trouble."

Within 18 months the trouble had amounted to \$80,000 worth of debts, with no foreseeable profits from which to pay them. The three operators were quarreling among themselves as to what should be done. It was a situation just right for a clever man to make a

continued on page 58



RESCUERS of Timberline are Richard L. Kohrstrom and his blonde wife, Ulla.



SPORTING LOOK



BWILLIANT TABLEAU IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA IS THE FINALE OF MOST ELABORATE MEN'S FASHION SHOW EVER GIVEN

THE OPULENCE OF THE ORIENT

ALTHOUGH it may look like a scene out of *Kismet*, the extravaganza above is actually a first look at what the American man at play will be wearing this summer. On a wave of color (fierecracker red and temple gold), the Far East has swept over the men's sportswear scene. Indian madras, the bright hand-woven cotton plaid long popular with English colonials and winter resisters, is now available



—THE \$12,000 PRODUCTION, COMPLETE WITH AUTHENTIC ORIENTAL COSTUMES, THAT LAUNCHED THE FAR EAST LOOK IN AMERICAN SPORTSWEAR

in almost every sportswear item a man looks for when the temperature climbs. Long thought of as a luxury fabric, it will hit its greatest volume this summer. Other aspects of this Far Eastern look are just as exotic: Oriental Paisley and Japanese fish prints appear in mandarin-collar shirts and in beach jackets designed like Japanese hopi coats.

The Far East look, as developed by such designers as

Around-the-world Traveler William Doniger of McGregor Sportswear, was introduced by the 200 exhibiting manufacturers at the National Association of Men's Sportswear Buyers show at New York's Waldorf-Astoria (*above*). If the public responds as readily as the 1,500 buyers who came to the show to stock their stores with merchandise, East will give West its most colorful sportswear year so far.

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FAR WEST

MT. Hood, Ore. At Timberline, new double chair getting heavy pull. Magic Mile closed, should reopen this week. Raina cut roads, left heavy snow. 980 pairs attended Cascade ski school. Hilar safety binding used here has sub-collar which aligns heel automatically. At Timberline, US 124, US 139, TD 19, TW 2, CD 500, CW 1,490. At Govt. Camp US 38 to 42, US 60 to 44, TD 6, TW 6, CD 300, CW 1,800.

Silverton Pass, Wash. All trails open. A hundred skiers turned out in weekend blizzard for Stevens Standard giant slalom. Access roads icy, US 120 to 125, TD 4, TW 1, CW 3,600.

Touqua Pass, Wash. Rain and wet snow last weekend made snow heavy and sloppy. Area abounding in housewives skied on Thursday, US 115 to 120, TD 10, TW 2, CD 100, CW 850.

MT. Baker, Wash. Freezing rain turned snow over to breakable crust but Austin and Galena well packed down. Skiers using water-proof leather helmets under goggles during wet weather here. Approach road icy, US 168, CW 1,700.

Sugar Bowl, Calif. Rainstorm last weekend turned to snow. Advance reservations are at record high. Many snow tubes of quick-hardening German Skidits was for wet conditions. US 114, US 130, CD 150, CW 300.

Snow Valley, Calif. Rain thinned snow cover last weekend but so, large snow, showed US 81, US 96 to 100, CD 100, CW 180, CL—Flying Saucer, Head Wall.

Yosemite, Calif. Skiing good, all slopes open. Highway 140 to resort Jan. 19, US 67, CD 1,400, CW 2,800.

MT. Baldy, Calif. No skiing last weekend.

Reno, Nev. Rain during week reduced cover on lower slopes, but snow fell at 7,000 foot level. 640 skiers attended first junior ski school program of season, US 80 to 100, US 100 to 140.

LS—depth of snow on lower slopes, **US**—depth of snow on upper slopes, **TD**—total snowfall during the week days, **TW**—total snowfall during the weekend; **CD**—crowd during the week; **CW**—crowd during the weekend, **CL**—closed lifts, trails or slopes

Grover Mt., B.C. Mild weather brought wet skiing then snow. Fewer as temperature dropped. Kandahar to be held here Jan. 22. Snow fences being used to help construct jump for coming North American championship. US 72, US 90, CD 180, CW 2,100.

WEST

Sun Valley, Idaho Skiing excellent. Peter Kennedy of Seattle and Roger Foley, Seneca Lake, N.Y., were winners in Sun Valley Girls. Many pairs used Rosignol skis, checkerboard pattern bamboo poles. On Baldy US 90, Roundhouse 75, Valley Road 84.

Aspen, Colo. Seven inches of powder on upper slopes, skiing excellent. Dave Gammon of Chirax, Col., Jane Moore of Aspen were winners in 10-hour junior ski meet US 4 to 13, US 10 to 36, CD 200, CW 300.

Enter Park, Colo. Lifts still not in operation. Shuttle buses taking skiers to upper slopes. US 24, CW 500.

Arapahoe Basin, Colo. Two feet of powder on upper slopes made for best deep snow skiing in two years. US 50 to 55, US 55 to 60, TW 15, CD 200, CW 850.

Brighton, Utah Heavy powder skiing on Majestic, Barbicorns, Old Man and Wagon Track brought out record crowds at area. New German Kallidierer ski pants popular. US 67, US 55, TD 18, TW 2, CD 1,360, CW 2,700.

Alta, Utah Heavy snowfall has produced good skiing over whole area. Snow Cap race Jan. 22 will be televised on NBC's *Wide World of Sports*. Snow Rangers also plan to set artificial avalanche for camera. US 88, US 88, TD 4, TW 4, CD 500, CW 500.

MIDWEST

Boyne Mt., Mich. Skiing staying good in spite of warm cover due to low night temperatures. Multicenter lanterns supplemented all other lights for girls here. US 7 to 9, US 8 to 11, CD 100, CW 550.

Charleston, Mich. Skiing excellent. Rankin Panner skis popular with high school pairs. US 12, US 10, TD 2, TW 8, CD 100, CW 2,200.

Rib Mt., Wis. Skiing only fair after three weeks snow delay. US 5 to 6, US 4, CW 500.

MT. Telemark, Wis. Skiing good. Long poles popular this year. US 14, US 2 to 12, TW 4, CW 1,100.

EAST

Green Mt., N.H. Thaw left only lower Cannon and Ravine and lower T-bar slopes skiable with some bare spots. US 1 to 15, US 1 to 25, TD 1, TW 8, CW 1,000.

Eastern Slope Region, N.H. Rain left no skiing anywhere except in lifeline Pasham Notch, where clubbers found good skiing on lower Sherburne trail. Tuckerman's Ravine closed.

Snows, Vt. Thaw left only poor skiing on Mansfield, fair on Spruce T-bar slopes last weekend. Free instruction given 26 picked junior skiers at US 35 AS-Approved camp. US 10, US 14 to 10, TW 2, CD 100, CW 375.

Mad River Glen, Vt. Lower trails skiable but then left bare spots and ice. C. Lawrence of Rutown won 86-man Cham C giant slalom. Racers favored the Kartel ski. US 4 to 10, US 6 to 30, CD 180, CW 450.

Riggs, Vt. Rain closed area last weekend.

MT. Snow, Vt. Thaw helped Owner Walt Schenckel put finishing touches to upper lift. Area closed after week of rain.

Belknap, N.Y. Skiing fair. Hoarings Brook trail good. All trails open last weekend with some packed powder over icy base. US 6, US 12, TD 4, TW 0, CW 1,500.

Lake Placid, N.Y. All local buses operated over weekend. US 4, US 12, TD 2, TW 3, CD 100, CW 100.

Snow Ridge, N.Y. Thaw and subsequent freeze left icy cover on slopes broken up by snow tractor. US 4, US 30, CW 500.

Sugarloaf Mt., Maine T-bar running. Upper Wintering, Skute and Narrow Gauge trails open. US 6, US 12 to 18, TW 3, CW 550.

Loon Mountain, N.H. Thaw closed lifts here last weekend in spite of arrival of some late snow.

Laurel Ridge, Pa. Skiing good to excellent over weekend. Shotgun used to clear heavy ice from overhanging branches. Members of British Army Ski Club and Anchorage, Alaska Ski Club here during week. US 6 to 12, US 8 to 12, TD 12, TW 0, CD 120, CW 1,600.

West Virginia Region At Cabin Mt. US 11, US 16, TD 12, CW 500. At Wells Knob US 11, US 31, TD 11, CW 100. At Cheat Ridge US 7, US 7, TD 7, CW 100. At Terra Alta US 9, US 30, TD 8, CW 50.

SKI TIP

by FRIEDL PFEIFER
Coach, U.S. Olympic Team

COURTESY AND SAFETY GO HAND IN HAND IN SKIING. HERE ARE SOME RULES OF ETIQUETTE TO BE OBSERVED WITH SPECIAL CARE



FRIEDL PFEIFER

In few sports are the rules of courtesy so closely tied to the requirements of safety as they are in skiing. Every beginner, for his own sake as well as for the other skiers on the slope, should learn the rules as soon as he is ready for his first solo run. For that matter, many expert skiers, as the crowded midyear holidays approach, might take notice of some of the following suggestions.

First of all, never schuss on a crowded slope, no matter how good a skier you may be. You may know exactly where you are going, but there is no way you can prevent a frightened tyro from stepping the wrong way as you rush toward him.

Always remember it is the skier ahead of you who has the right of way. As you

overtake someone do not yell "Track," for no one with his back turned can guess on which side you intend to pass. Instead, if you want to warn someone ahead, say, "Pawing on your right" (or left, as the case may be). This will at least give him an idea which way not to turn.

When you fall, *lie* in your *Sitzmark*, so the man behind doesn't plow into it and crack a ski, or a leg.

Be sure your skis are fastened tightly to your feet. There are not many falls worse than those caused by skis that suddenly come off. And if you have safety bindings, be sure the skis are clipped to your boots by a thong so that if a ski comes off it won't rattle down the slope, endangering other

skiers (and losing itself hopelessly in the woods below).

Don't stop to rest around a blind curve and don't gather with other skiers in narrow places on the trail. The man behind you may be coming very fast.

If a slope or trail is marked closed, stay off it. The ski patrol closes trails for your safety. They are doing their best to spare you from rocks, ice and sometimes even avalanche danger. Furthermore, if you hurt yourself on a closed trail, you may spend the night there, since no other skier is likely to come along.

Finally, if you see someone take a bad fall, stop and ask how he is. He might need the ski patrol.

MARVELS FROM MONTREAL

continued from page 17

Geoffron on the right wing and Bert Olmstead on left) are basically the same that can be found to explain the emergence of Montreal in the past few years as the dominant force in Canadian hockey. Like thousands of youngsters before and after him, young Jean, as a boy in Victoriaville, Quebec and later in the city of Quebec, indulged in the hero worship of Rocket Richard. Unlike the majority of his contemporary hero-worshippers, young Jean Beliveau had tremendous natural talent of his own—a talent which quickly became recognized across the Dominion when he graduated from the juniors to stardom as a \$20,000-a-year "amateur" center with the Quebec Aces. When officials of Les Canadiens were trying to persuade him—after a dazzling five goals during a three-game tryout on the big team during the 1952-53 season—that he could earn more than \$20,000 by signing a Montreal contract, it remained for his idol, the Rocket, to clinch the deal. Beliveau recalled the incident not long ago in his heavy French accent. "Maurice say to me, 'Jean, you come with us and we have a good time. You like playing for Les Canadiens.' Today I am happy I do what he say."

The Rocket is apparently happy too, for now, after having Beliveau as a teammate for three seasons, he is more of an admirer than ever. The other night he paid the young star what must rank as one of hockey's highest compliments. "He gets along with everyone and he's the best center I've seen since I've been in the league." And Frank J. Selke, the club's managing director, says of Beliveau, "He is so modest that he blushes when anybody says anything nice about him."

Jean's modesty makes it easy for him to minimize his own accomplishments. "If people are saying I am good, it is nice to hear. But to play good hockey you must be lucky: to be born with ability. Then you work hard at it the rest of the time. I work hard for my job and I think this team is good one. We are big happy family here."

Beliveau should be a member of the big happy family for the next ten years. As a drawing power second only to Richard (who, at 34, may expect to play two or three more seasons at the most), Beliveau could earn over \$25,000 this season, not including the \$10,000 he is reportedly pulling in for his role as a sort of roving good-will ambassador for a Montreal brewery. He

and his pretty wife Elsie have recently moved into a new house and one of their present off-duty preoccupations is the selection of a suite of furniture—a three-year overdue gift from the club management which took this method of showing him its appreciation for consenting to a Montreal tryout while he was still playing for Quebec. Less distinguished prospects on trial receive a flat payment of \$100 a game.

When Les Canadiens in their red uniforms with royal blue and white



TOE BLAKE, former Punch Line teammate of Richard's, is Les Canadiens coach.

trim skate out on the Forum ice to the applause from the most knowledgeable and enthusiastic audience in all sport, the autograph hunters seek out Richard first and then Beliveau. Quite in keeping with their different personalities, Richard, during this brief lull before the battle, retains his usual serious scowl. Beliveau gives his admirers a faint smile. The game under way, they remain individually different although working for the same cause. "With Maurice," said Managing Director Selke, "his moves are powered by instinctive reflexes. Maurice can't learn from lectures. He does everything by instinct and with sheer power. Beliveau, on the other hand, is probably the classiest hockey player I've ever seen. He has a flair for giving you his hockey as a master showman. He is a perfect coach's hockey player because

he studies and learns. He's moving and planning all the time, thinking out the play required for each situation. The difference between the two best hockey players in the game today is simply this: Beliveau is a perfectionist, Richard is an opportunist."

As these classifications clearly suggest, the mannerisms of the two men on the ice are quite different. Richard's fiery and explosive temper has gotten him more than once into a hotbed of trouble. Beliveau, for a time, was just the opposite, and, in fact, during his first year with Les Canadiens he acquired the nickname Gentleman Jean when it was discovered around the league that the new rookie had a distinct aversion to mixing it up. His former coach, Dick Irvin, noticing the change that has come over Beliveau during the last year, says of him now, "Like the other great players in the game, Jean was quick to smarten up when he saw the opposition getting the best of him. He'll never be the type to go around looking for trouble, but now he can be as tough as anybody."

EVERY MAN IS IMPORTANT

Statistics back up Irvin's observations: in the season's first 41 games Beliveau (who scored 23 goals and had 23 assists) racked up 98 minutes in penalties—compared to only 58 minutes in 79 games last season. In the same 41 games this year Richard accounted for only 55 penalty minutes—a seemingly conclusive indication that the Montreal riot of last March left him with a deep sense of mortification, as well as with a fierce determination to keep any further scandal from touching the game he loves and to which he has devoted his life.

Coach Blake naturally believes Richard, Beliveau and Geoffron will all play major roles in carrying Les Canadiens to the NHL title. But he is quick to point out that his league-leading club is a team of much talent, spread amply from the front line to the nets. "I tell my club," says Blake, "that four or five stars don't make a team. Every one in uniform is important. Take our goalie, Jacques Plante: he has the faculty of stopping the very difficult shots. Doug Harvey and Tom Johnson have very few bad games on defense. They are steady—which is just what a coach wants in a hockey player. Of the forwards, Bert Olmstead and Kenny Mosdell are great team players, and Floyd Curry does a fine job but he gets little credit. He and Don Marshall are the best penalty killers in the league."

"The rookies are promising too. Claude Provost and Jean-Guy Talbot will make fine National Leaguers in time. So will Henri Richard, whom I've got centering for his brother, Maurice." At 19, the Pocket Rocket is already good—good enough to have earned a spot centering for Maurice and Dickie Moore strictly on his own merits. "He's a little small yet," says Blake, "but with his speed we keep telling him not to try to go through the big opposition defensesmen, just go around them." In temperament the younger Richard (who has a capable younger brother, Claude, known as the Vest-Pocket Rocket) is more like Beliveau than he is like brother Maurice; he likes to think things out before making his move. And when he does make his move, Pocket Rocket, like his teammates, moves fast. For Les Canadiens, large as a team, have what Blake refers to as "plenty of leg." They play an offensive type of game, at times a rather wide-open one, but the accent is always on shooting. "We have more fellows with good shots," says Blake, "than any other team in the league. Some people look on us as too old a club. They can say what they want. When our old men stop producing we'll bring up younger fellows who will start producing."

The Montreal farm system, which will some day supply the replacements for such veterans as Maurice Richard, Kenny Modelland Captain Butch Bouchard, was never geared for mass production of hockey players until Selke, who had learned hockey management under Conn Smythe at Toronto, moved in as managing director of Les Canadiens in 1946. Today, less than 10 years after he first rejuvenated the system by organizing a nine-team junior league within the city of Montreal, Selke can proudly point to 750 teams and 10,000 hockey players either owned outright, sponsored or in some way "influenced" by the Club de Hockey Canadien. This vast empire, now directed largely by Kenny Reardon, onetime Montreal All-Star defenseman, is bigger than the farm systems of all other National Hockey League clubs combined. It stretches from the province of Quebec across the Dominion to Winnipeg, Regina and Kitchener, and down into the U.S., where Montreal assistance is recognized in such cities as Seattle and Cincinnati.

"We have no trouble getting youngsters interested in playing in a Montreal uniform," says Selke. "We have three natural selling points: success of the farm clubs (every major Montreal

affiliate finished last season in either first or second place in its respective league); Maurice Richard—and now Jean Beliveau. For years kids have wanted to play where Richard plays. Beliveau is just one example, and now, for years to come, kids will want to play on a team with Beliveau."

Like Beliveau and Richard, roughly half of Les Canadiens are French Canadian, and Selke likes the mixture not only because of the pleasure it affords the 70¢ French-Canadian Forum audience, but also because "it gives our team a Latin flair which is good for us everywhere. However, we're really more concerned with ability than na-



DIRECTOR SELKE picks from among 10,000 players.



FARMER REARDON has eyes on new hockey crops.

tionality. If a boy is good enough, he can play on our team no matter who he is."

Long before he can qualify for his varsity uniform, the future Canadian comes under the careful scrutiny of Reardon and his scouts. From the local park leagues good prospects may be signed to Pee Wee teams at the age of 12. From there they can move up to bantam (age 13), midget (14), juvenile (15-17), junior (17-20), senior amateur (over 20) and finally into one of the four professional leagues—the Quebec, the Western, the American or the National. On the way up the ladder they learn from top coaches, many of them former big team stars like Billy Reay, Roger Lager and Elmer Lach. On Selke's orders they also are subjected to lessons in manners (example: in public always wear hat,

coat and tie) and character building (example: Junior teams traveling with Coach Sam Pollock were directed to attend church every Sunday).

Today Les Canadiens, recognized as the biggest and most colorful drawing card in hockey, play to sellout crowds at every home game and the gate receipts run to a million dollars a season. Nonetheless there are heavy expenses to be reckoned with. Montreal pays out over \$260,000 in annual salaries alone for some 20 players, coaches and trainers on the big team. After the playoffs are over, no rookie will earn less than \$10,000 for his season's work, and a few of the big stars can expect to take home well over \$20,000. Next to transportation costs—about \$35,000 for first-class transportation and hotels over the club's 35,000 miles per season—the major expense is for equipment. Some \$20,000 is tossed over the counter for equipment and maintenance—for example: 72 hockey sticks per man per season at \$3.50 a stick; three pairs of skates per man per season at \$55 a pair. Furthermore, every player's skates must be sharpened every day at a cost of 50¢ a day per man. A Montreal goaltender uses up 125 sticks a season. The cost: \$4.50 a stick. And so on through dozens of items of protective equipment and thousands of rolls of friction tape and hundreds of cartons of cotton padding. Added to all this is the cost of lending financial assistance to the farm system (last year's operating loss within the system: \$200,000), and, as Selke points out, "We're really not much of a money-maker."

A PICTURE TO WATCH

This week, as Les Canadiens tried to bear down in an effort to end the seven-year NHL championship reign of the Detroit Red Wings, all hands were as optimistic as they dared be. Maurice Richard, still showing the old-time lightning reflexes which many thought would have left him by now, said he felt better than ever. Jean Beliveau, trying to hang on to his league scoring lead, was smiling gently and still maintaining an average of better than a point a game. And Coach Toe Blake, true to form, was giving off the same old gloom. "Our club is like our power play. On that one we have Olmstead, Beliveau and Maurice at forward and Harvey and Geoffron on the points. If they're playing it right it is a beautiful picture to watch. Well, if our team is playing right they're all beautiful to watch. But any hockey man will tell you that in hockey things don't always go right. . . ." (END)

TIMBERLINE

continued from page 48

killing—and, like a character in a Grade B movie, the man appeared.

His name was Charles W. Slaney. He was 49, the owner of a number of movie theaters in and around Portland, a man who had collected an impressive roll of \$1,000 bills which he was able—and willing—to flash when the occasion warranted. (He also had collected an impressive array of civil suits, tax liens and attachments, but that was not generally known.) Slaney had lived in Portland for several years, acquiring his theaters from the profits of a popcorn-vending operation. Although on several occasions fire damaged or destroyed Slaney's theaters—one of them three times—the diversity of his enterprises enabled him to stay in business and to look for new opportunities. Among the acquaintances he made in the course of his theater operations were two of the three men, Carl McFadden and his son John, who had taken over Timberline Lodge.

"We knew Slaney," McFadden explained subsequently, "because he was in the theater business; but we didn't know much about him. When he came to us and offered to take over Timberline—that was late in 1953—we were happy to get out." To which R. P. Bottecher, assistant supervisor of the Forest Service in the Timberline area, added: "Slaney was quite pleasant, and he assured us that he was going to build up Timberline. It was only later that we began to get complaints."

A careful inquiry into Slaney's business history might well have persuaded the Forest Service that he was hardly the man to manage a resort patronized by upwards of 90,000 skiers each year, from 50c-per-lunch youngsters to \$23-a-day luxury guests. No such investigation was made, however, and Slaney got Timberline virtually for nothing; he took over the stock in exchange for the burden of debt. But Slaney lacked the ability—or the working capital—to make the most of his windfall. The deterioration of the great resort began almost at once. Slaney was careful always to meet the quarterly payments to which he was obligated under the terms of his lease, but many other commitments went unpaid.

As creditor after creditor turned his back on Slaney, the lodge and the skiing area fell into disrepair. When the 1954 season began, none of the usual preparations had been made for winter. The chair lift was out of order, the rope tow was buried in snow. No

winter shutters had been put up. Employees, many of whom were paid by checks sent along with requests for reservations, were sullen and disgruntled. Dirt and broken equipment piled up in the kitchen, lounges and rooms. Slaney's economies reached something of a high point when 24 rooms were without keys. Guests who had mistakenly taken them along dropped them in the mails to be returned to the hotel; but Slaney would not pay the 2c due on each key and so they stayed in the post office.

PROMISES AND THREATS

The Forest Service, gradually awakening to what was happening, made appeals for improvements. They got soft promises in reply, but no action. They tried threats but Slaney had been threatened by experts. Timberline Lodge began to acquire a new reputation among skiers, and it was not a healthy one. "People were coming to me," said one of the former members of Timberline's board of directors, "and saying they would never go to Timberline again, the way they were treated and the way things were up there." The number of visitors dropped steadily. The Forest Service was nonplused—"After all," as Bottecher later

explained, "we had an obligation to keep the lodge open for the public, and we never came to the point where we thought we could or should cancel the lease—not until January."

Finally, in midwinter, the Sandy Electric Cooperative, tired of promises instead of payments, cut off the electric power to the lodge. The darkness fell on Timberline, and it seemed like the darkness of death.

From January to March 1955, the great lodge on the southern slope of the mountain lay empty of guests. Snow piled up outside the doors and filtered in through the unprotected windows. The chair lift lay abandoned. While Slaney faced thousands of dollars in civil suits, the Forest Service, awake at last to the full gravity of Timberline's deterioration, searched everywhere for a new operator to take over the lease. Ironically enough, they found him among the skiers who loved Timberline, a man to whom Slaney had once tried to sell the operation for \$200,000.

This was Richard L. Kohnstamm, the 29-year-old social worker from New York, member of a family that owns the coast-to-coast chemical firm of H. Kohnstamm & Co. Inc., formerly of the U.S. Air Force in World War II and lately the recipient of a master's degree in social work at Columbia University. From there Kohnstamm went

TIMBERLINE LOUNGE ABANDONED . . .



WHEN KOHNSTAMM TOOK OVER, LOUNGE WAS HEAVED WITH SNOW AND BROKEN FURNITURE

to the community social project of Neighborhood House in Portland as program director; and from there, on skiing weekends, to Timberline Lodge. From the first he was struck with the place. It was the kind of lodge which he did not know existed in America, a monument to American arts and crafts, the kind of work which many think modern times and mass production have bred out of the American way of life. It was also a lodge in deep trouble. Kohnstamm could not get it out of his mind; he spoke about it often to his wife, a Swedish girl whom he had met on a trip to Europe in 1951. "If it bothers you so," she said at last, "why don't you do something about it?"

A few months later, after he had turned down Slaney's offer to sell him the lease for \$200,000, Kohnstamm acquired it from the Forest Service. When he took stock of his new property, he found it in appalling condition.

"We knew things were bad up there," he said later, "but we weren't prepared for what we found at the lodge. It's a work of art, you know, and it's hard to understand how anyone could treat it that way. There must have been a thousand fire violations. And the filth was almost indescribable. The grease was inches thick in the kitchen. We hired professionals—industrial cleaners—to clean the place from top to

bottom, and even some of the professionals got sick, physically sick, at what they found in the rooms.

"And the destruction! Hand-woven draperies had been used for rags and shoved into windows to keep the snow out because the panes were broken. No one had protected the woodwork—it was scarred everywhere, and initials had been carved into the railings. The



SLANEY'S TROUBLES, reported correctly in SI's SNOW PATROL last January, brought threat of suit because announced cancellation had not yet become effective.

skiers' hut at the top of the chair lift, Silex Hut, was filled with snow, and some of the furniture there had been used for firewood."

It took Kohnstamm from March until July to repair the lodge. It took him even longer to get the chair lift fixed. It took money—thousands of dollars—before Timberline was ready for the public again. But when the season opened in December, it was ready—

and more money was earmarked for improvements that will make it one of the great ski resorts of the continent.

"It's a gamble," said Kohnstamm recently, "but then, that's why I took it on. For the challenge of it. It's a wonderful place, the sort of place that men make only when they take a pride in what they can do with their hands.

"We've put in a new \$200,000 double chair lift below the lodge. It won't be knocked out by storms, as the other one is from time to time. The next thing will be to build up the summer business. We have plans for a riding stable and horseback trips and trips to fishing streams. We want to add a skiers' chalet. That will give us more room.

"And we'd like to drill for hot water—for heating and a swimming pool."

Mt. Hood, an ancient volcano, has areas where skiers can cook a can of beans in the hot soil that crops out near Crater Rock. "And then," Kohnstamm may add with a faraway look in his eye, "there's the idea of building a chair lift to the top of the mountain. I didn't think it possible because of the weather, but Pepi Gabl, our ski instructor, says that now, improved lifts could do it. The cost might be tremendous, but the business ought to be too."

Meanwhile, the attendance at Timberline Lodge is what it should be—close to the best of any ski resort in the U.S. Once more skiers are swarming on the beautiful, snow-hung trails, dotting the wide-open slopes, warming themselves at the great stone fireplace in the main lounge. For the youngsters, there are dormitory beds at \$2.50 a night in midweek, \$3 on weekends; for the luxury-minded, private rooms on the American plan ranging from \$25 a day for two up to \$33 a day for a larger room with a fireplace. There is a cafeteria, a bar, dining room, gift shops and ski shop in full operation once more. Folk dances, jam sessions and special programs by Portland colleges make weekends lively for the swelling crowds—as many as 3,000 in a weekend—who have been turning out since Timberline reopened. "Right now," says Kohnstamm, the young man who accomplished the miracle of restoration, "I think that things are looking up."

A Portland banker, a man who witnessed Timberline's trials and ultimate tribulations through all its years, went even further. "You know," he said, "I advised that young man against Timberline. But, by George, I'm beginning to change my mind. It may become a big thing for him."

(END)

... AND THE SAME CORNER RESTORED



CLEANED AND REDECORATED, THE LOUNGE IS ONCE MORE A PLACE OF CHEERFUL WARMTH

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

January 20 through January 29

FRIDAY, JANUARY 20

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Holy Cross vs. American Intl., Worcester, Mass.
Iowa St. vs. Drake, Ames, Iowa.
Utah vs. Oklahoma City, Salt Lake City.
Washington (S.L.) vs. Memphis St., St. Louis.

(Professionals)

Boston vs. St. Louis & New York vs. Minneapolis, Boston.

Boxing

● Gil Finner vs. Jackie Lallier, middleweights, Syracuse, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

Conway-San Diego Open tournament, San Diego (through Jan. 23).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Boston, Chicago.

Ice Yachting

Northwestern Assn. regatta, Lake Geneva, Wis. (through Jan. 22).

Swimming

Fort Lauderdale-to-Bimini ocean race starts.

Track & Field

Philadelphia Inquirer Games, Convention Hall, Philadelphia.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21

Auto Racing

SCAA Festival Race, Fort Worth (also Jan. 22).

Basketball

(Leading college games)

Brigham Young vs. Oklahoma City, Provo, Utah.
Gonzalez vs. Miami (Ohio), Cincinnati.
Dayton vs. Xavier (Ohio), Dayton, Ohio.
● Michigan vs. Iowa, Ann Arbor, Mich., 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: Iowa's Carl Camery & Michigan's Ben Kramer (27).

N.C. State vs. Wm. & Mary, Raleigh, N.C.
Purdue vs. Ohio St., Lafayette, Ind.
Temple vs. Lehigh, Philadelphia.
Tennessee vs. Kentucky, Knoxville, Tenn.
Vanderbilt vs. Georgia Tech, Nashville.

(Professionals)

● New York vs. Minneapolis, New York, 3 p.m. (NBC).

Hockey

Rochester vs. St. Louis, Rochester.
Philadelphia vs. Fort Wayne & Boston vs. Syracuse, Philadelphia.

Boxing

Mario D'Agata vs. Little Caesar, barlowweights, Miami (10 rds.).

Hockey

Montreal vs. New York, Montreal.
Toronto vs. Detroit, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Anita Stakes, \$20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, 1:40, Santa Anita Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/8 m., 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Ice Skating

Great Lakes championships (speed), West Allis, Wis. (also Jan. 22).

New England championships (figure), New Haven, Conn. (also Jan. 22).

Swimming

Natl. jumping championships, Westby, Wis. (also Jan. 22).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Boston.

Track & Field

Washington Evening Star meet, including AAU St. Women's indoor championships, Washington, D.C.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 22

Auto Racing

NASCAR 150-m. late model race, Phoenix, Ariz.

Basketball

(Professionals)
Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston.
Syracuse vs. St. Louis, Syracuse, N.Y.

Fort Wayne vs. Rochester, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.

Hockey

Chicago vs. Montreal, Chicago.
Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit.
Boston vs. New York, Boston.

Swimming

Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro regatta starts.

Squash Racquets

Natl. Singles finals, New York.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Baltimore.

MONDAY, JANUARY 23

Basketball

(Leading college games)
Iowa St. vs. Colorado, Ames, Iowa.
Ohio State vs. Northwestern, Columbus, Ohio.

(Professionals)

Boston vs. Philadelphia, New Haven, Conn.

Boxing

● Rory Calhoun vs. Jerry Lawler, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Dulmet).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Richmond, Va.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24

Basketball

Wichita vs. Oklahoma City, Wichita, Kansas.
NBA East-West All-Star game, Rochester, N.Y.

Boxing

Art Aragon vs. Ramon Tiscarano, welterweights, Hollywood, Calif. (10 rds.).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Norfolk, Va.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25

Basketball

(Professionals)
Minneapolis vs. New York, Minneapolis.
St. Louis vs. Rochester, St. Louis.
Philadelphia vs. Syracuse & Boston vs. Fort Wayne, Philadelphia.

Boxing

● Joe Gamba vs. Al Andrews, middleweights, Norfolk, Va. (10 rds.), (ABC-TV, 10 p.m.; radio, 10:05 p.m.).

Hockey

Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto.

Horse Racing

California Breeders' Champion Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26

Basketball

(Professionals)
Delaware vs. Temple, Newark, Del.
Syracuse vs. Philadelphia, Syracuse.

Boxing

Paddy DeMarco vs. Don Jordan, lightweight, Los Angeles (10 rds.).

Golf

Palm Springs Invitational, \$15,000, Palm Springs, Calif. (through Jan. 29).

Hockey

Boston vs. Montreal, Boston.
Detroit vs. New York, Detroit.

Winter Olympics

Opening day ceremonies, ice hockey, Cortina, Italy (through Feb. 5).

FRIDAY, JANUARY 27

Auto Racing

SCCA Interstate race, Concord, N.H. (also Jan. 28).

Basketball

Boston vs. Fort Wayne & Rochester vs. New York, Boston.

Boxing

● Willie Partrano vs. Chuck Spleser, heavyweight, Miami Beach, Fla. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

Golf

PGA Seniors championship, Dunedin, Fla. (through Jan. 29).

Hockey

Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago.

Ice Skating

Mid-Atlantic championships (figure), New York (through Jan. 29).

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, White Plains, N.Y. (also Jan. 28).

Winter Olympics

Two-man bobsledding, 30 km. cross-country skiing (men), giant slalom (women), ice hockey, Cortina, Italy.

SAURDAY, JANUARY 28

Basketball

(Leading college games)
● Minnesota vs. Northwestern, Minneapolis, 2 p.m. C.S.T. (CBS). Men to watch: Minnesota's Jerry Gormeyer (24) & Northwestern's Dick Mast (24).

California vs. San Francisco, Berkeley, Calif.
Dayton vs. Louisville, Dayton, Ohio.
De Paul vs. Illinois, Chicago Stadium.

Iowa State vs. Oklahoma, Ames, Iowa.
Michigan St. vs. Ohio St., E. Lansing, Mich.
Navy vs. Temple, Annapolis, Md.

North Carolina St. vs. St. John's, Raleigh, N.C.
Vanderbilt vs. Kentucky, Nashville, Tenn.

(Professionals)

● St. Louis vs. Syracuse, St. Louis, 2 p.m. C.S.T., (NBC).

New York vs. Fort Wayne, New York.
Rochester vs. Boston, Rochester.
Minneapolis vs. Philadelphia, Minneapolis.

Hockey

Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal.
Toronto vs. New York, Toronto.

Horse Racing

Santa Anita Nativity, \$100,000, 1 1/4 m., 4-yr.-olds, & San Marcos Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m. (Bart), 4-yr.-olds up, Santa Anita Pk., Arcadia, Calif.

Royal Palm Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/4 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hialeah Pk., Hialeah, Fla.

Ice Skating

Natl. outdoor championships (figure), St. Paul, Minn. (through Feb. 4).

Sailing

Lepton Cup race, Miami.

Track & Field

Boston AA meet, Boston Garden.

Winter Olympics

Two-man bobsledding, 10 km. cross-country skiing (women), 500-meter speed skating, ice hockey, Cortina, Italy.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 29

Basketball

(Professionals)
Boston vs. Rochester, Boston.
Syracuse vs. New York, Syracuse.
Fort Wayne vs. Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Minneapolis vs. St. Louis, Minneapolis.

Hockey

Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit.
Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
Chicago vs. New York, Chicago.

Tennis

World Tennis Tour, Kingston, N.Y.

Winter Olympics

Figure skating (men), giant slalom (men), 5,000-meter speed skating, Nordic ski jumping, ice hockey, Cortina, Italy.

*See local listing.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

2-1 NFL 4-U.R. A.P. 3-U.R. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963,

SUGAR BOWL: WHY GEORGIA WON

Sirs:

Thanks for telling us why Georgia Tech won (SI, Jan. 9) rather than, like many newspapers in this area, why Pittsburgh lost the Sugar Bowl game.

DAVE LANEY

Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE VIEW FROM PITTSBURGH

Sirs:

I fall to see the justice in your treatment of the Sugar Bowl contest. Being a student at the University of Pittsburgh I am naturally partial to the Pitt team. However, since almost a week has elapsed, I feel that I can now look at the game somewhat impartially, and my picture scarcely resembles yours.

All of us from Pitt were heartbroken that we should lose a game in score that we had won in every other respect, and Georgia Tech fans were fervently thanking rabbits' feet, lucky stars and fairy godmothers.

Just one last thing I might add: Pitt's variety marching band. They were magnificent.

SERANNA BIDDLE

Pittsburgh

COTTON BOWL: OLE MISS DEPLORES . . .

Sirs:

We are not particularly proud of the attitude you take in your article on the Cotton Bowl. You seem to think the Rebels backed into a win in this hard-fought contest.

I would like to quote to you a remark by my friend Mr. Carl Walters, of the *State Times*, Jackson, Miss., concerning his views toward the victory of Ole Miss over TCU.

"Friend, you use all that you have that is ready, willing and able, and if what you have is not enough, that is just too, too bad."

We note that it took a total of 44 lines for you to tell just why TCU did not win, then gave only 12 lines of recognition to the Rebels of Ole Miss. Was it that you picked TCU, then had to come up with some excuses?

R. F. CAMERON

Collins, Miss.

● Picked TCU? Not on your life! Herman Hickman was one of the few who picked Mississippi over TCU (SI, Dec. 26). He called it his "special upset for the day."—ED.

THE TCU APPROACH

Sirs:

With the football season over and the bowl games behind us, I want to thank you for the wonderful coverage you gave Fort Worth's fine university, Texas Christian.

Fort Worthians have justified pride in the way the game of football is played at TCU. The reason it is a game and not a commercialized, over-emphasized spectator sport is, of course, Dutch Meyer. On a local TV program after the season and before the bowl game, Mr. Meyer was asked by the MC of the show for his predictions on the results of the games. After frankly stating that he was a terrible predictor with a miserable average in correctly guessing the outcome of football games, Dutch Meyer then proceeded to express one of his colorful opinions on those who predict college football results and especially those predictors who make monetary wagers on their ideas. He said that not one of such men would entrust his business to a youth of 19 or 20, letting the lad make all of the decisions as to what stock to buy or what location would produce an oil well. Yet they bet their money that this same boy, quarterbacking a team of 10 other kids, will be able to make the right decisions within the few seconds allowed in a huddle, and then have them executed perfectly by the team of youngsters. Dutch seems to feel that this is a little incongruous—and very rightly so! He thinks the game of football should be just what Mr. Webster states as the meaning of game: "A contest for recreation or amusement. . . ."

Mrs. F. J. MILAN

Fort Worth

ORANGE VS. ROSE BOWL

Sirs:

It is with face-saving tact that Coarb Jim Tatum of Maryland said: "Oklahoma is definitely the best football team in the country."

I can agree with this statement only when Oklahoma ditched its minor league schedule together with its dull, stodgy style of play and graduates into the relatively tough competition of Notre Dame, Michigan State, Purdue, UCLA, Navy or even TCU. I think Michigan State could go unbeaten from now till Oklahoma fences over if it played the weak-sister schedule Oklahoma annually romps through. After watching Maryland and Oklahoma beat into one another in the Orange Bowl and

then marveling at the Michigan State magic in the Rose Bowl, I don't see how the two teams could be compared. Those Oldes would spend most of the afternoon looking for the ball if they played the Spartans, a task they are not considering.

DON SIERMAN

Lansing, Mich.

MAGNIFICENT BASKETBALL

Sirs:

I just completed reading Herb Wind's story on Bob Cousy (SI, Jan. 9 & 16) and, while I am naturally biased, I dare say it is the greatest basketball story ever written for any publication that I have seen in 28 years of association with the game. Mr. Wind's entire treatment, sensible handling, accuracy and factual reporting is the best ever.

I think your treatment of basketball in this entire issue was magnificent. You have a great magazine that was long needed.

WILLIAM G. MORRAY

Boston

ALLTIME ATHLETE

Sirs:

Congratulations on the awe-inspiring article on Bob Cousy. Ever since I first saw him five years ago, he replaced Joe DiMaggio as my alltime sports idol.

I have seen Cousy play in at least 50 games, but in each one I am just as thrilled and amazed as at the first. Cousy is one of the alltime great athletes in a category with the likes of Jack Dempsey, Billy Tilden, Ben Hogan and Babe Ruth.

RICHARD SANDERS

Hollywood, Fla.

GOAL TENDERS

Sirs:

Some years ago an ordinance was passed which forbade basket behemoths from "goal tending." Reading the many eulogies (including the recent one in SI) about Bill Russell, I am left with the impression that he bats down many shots still in upward flight but also "tends goal" in the sense that he deflects or intercepts shots which are descending into the hoop.

PETER WAYS

Tacoma

● The goal-tending rule applies only to a player going up high enough to be continued on next page

MR. CAPER

by AJAY



© Ajay

able to knock an opponent's shot out of or away from the basket when the ball is on its way down into the basket. Russell, on defense, blocks opponents' shots just after they leave the shooter's hand, while the ball is still on its way up. On offense Russell helps his own teammates' shots into the basket, which is still quite legal.—ED.

STARS AND SNIPES (Cont.)

Sirs:

In order that the Star and Snipe sailors may settle their dispute on neutral ground, we of the U.S. International 14-inch (Dinghy) Association would like to offer eight boats for a team race to end their squabble. We can offer a choice of locations: Newport Harbor, Calif.; Seattle; Rochester; Marblehead, Mass.; Essex, Conn.; Annapolis, Md. Or, in a slightly more exotic vein, Toronto, Vancouver, Montreal or Bermuda.

Naturally, we feel that their argument is a bit like the Ford-Chevy battle when really everyone knows that Mercedes has the best racing cars. Why struggle with Stars or Snipes when you can race a 14!

JOHN CARTER
President USIFA

Nashua, N.H.

● The issue is clear (SI, Dec. 12), the lines are drawn (SI, Dec. 26), a Snipe challenge has been received (SI, Jan. 9). Mr. Carter has now offered the services of impartial judges and a field of honor. We ask again: Any takers?—ED.

BIT THICK, YOU KNOW

Sirs:

I greatly enjoyed the article SI made up about the Tattersall sale of horses in England (WOMEN'S WORLD, Jan. 2). This charming piece of good-natured fiction was indeed the product of a delightful imagination. The idea of introducing into this piquant leguill several not-too-rehearsed characters (Rex Edworth was perfect) served to give it that just-right touch of plausibility.

But—also—you overreached yourselves and marred, for me, an otherwise beguiling fantasy by creating the character Eric Wheeler. Fancy—a fox-hunting, horse-loving, pipe-smoking, tweeds and tweed-cap-wearing dandy, the Vicar of Irome, come now! Steeple Bumped!! I say, wasn't that a bit thick, chaps?

LEROY DE CAMP

Jamaica, N.Y.

● A bit thick, maybe, but as authentic as the Vicar of Affpuddle-Turners Puddle or Hungry Bentley.—ED.

GAME AND GUNS

Sirs:

As an ardent reader of SI each issue, I find it chock-full of things. Take for instance SI, Jan. 9, in which your gaming information rose the gamut from moths to behemoths.

The Harvey Schur story was quite interesting and a warmly written feature, but I paused and cogitated at some length over the designation of Harvey's rifle. The

FOUL PLAY IN THE PONY CLASS

Sirs:

Apparently boxing is not the only sport where sinister work is afoot. Foul play has invaded the hitherto well-ordered world of pony shows. Evalée Gessler, the young lady who with her pony Little Brown Jug made the cover of SI, Dec. 13, 1974 (see cut), last week told Dayton police officials that someone had sneaked into her pony's stall and slashed his tail (see cut). This is no laughing matter. Little Brown Jug has won more than 50 first places within the last

two years and was being groomed for this month's Arlington Trophy in Indianapolis. Because the rules of Western Parade Pony Class call for full manes and tails, Little Brown Jug, whose tail formerly almost swept the ground, is now ineligible for further competition.

Evalée sadly figures that it will take two years for Little Brown Jug's tail to grow back full length. And you talk about boxing's dirty business!

JACK JONES

Dayton



EVALEE AND HER CHAMPION PONY, ON SI COVER LAST YEAR, LOOK AT MUTILATED TAIL



correct designation is 10.75 x 68, both designations being the dimensions of the cartridge in millimeters, the first the caliber and last the case length. By comparison, the familiar U.S. M2 cartridge or .30-06 is a 7.62 x 62, so Harvey's gun was a pretty big caliber. The cartridge is a German original, used by shooters in former German provinces in Africa and in other areas where the Mauser commercial influence has been felt. It is a good cartridge, but there are equal or better calibers available in terms of bullet weight times velocity.

I was greatly amused by Mr. A. C. Spectorsky's little bit about shooting the horsefly with his friend's .375 Magnum. I knew a man who did that once with a .45 Colt and was very immediately afterward. His horse was behind it! Anyway, I wish you would extend my condolences and sympathies to the heirs and relatives of the late Mr. Spectorsky, for I know darn well that if he fired 300 grains of powder in a .375 case (which the British normally fill up snugly with about 62 grains of Cordite), there is not much left of fly, rifle, scope, Author-Hunter Spectorsky, or porch.

WILLIAM B. EDWARDS
Technical Editor
Game Magazine

Skokie, Ill.

● All is well with porch, rifle and Mr. Spectorsky who fired through the horsefly into the wide open spaces of Connecticut.—ED.

SKIING: HOW AND WHERE

Sirs:

Your SNOW PATROL feature is very helpful to a lot of skiers throughout the nation, as is the SKI Trip.

Many skiers must drive hundreds of miles for a weekend of skiing. I used to live a half hour's drive from the best skiing in the nation, at Alta, Utah, so this San Diego skiing is hard to take. SNOW PATROL gives you an idea where to go when the few inches of snow in your local mountains (Big Bear Lake, Calif., 150 miles from San Diego) are gone.

G. R. MILLER

San Diego

ME, TOO

Sirs:

Count me in as one of those favoring your feature SNOW PATROL. It's full of information for many sports fans in this area, who, about this time of year, talk of nothing but skiing. Any information you give is certainly appreciated.

ERNIE SAUNDERS

Manchester, N.H.

LIVING LEGEND

Sirs:

I enjoy SNOW PATROL each week, but you are giving too much information on clothes and equipment. Note to that! But, if you must, you could extend your legend, to wit:

- WL: woolen longies
- LS—long stockings
- CG—canvas gaiters
- SE: Sitomax radiators

BOB PFEIFFER

Bellingham, Wash.

● Skier Pfeiffer could have added: ES—electric socks; SPG—smog-proof goggles; U—umbrella, and FGTFWOT—Field Guide to Wild Flowers of the Continental United States.—ED.

A NOTE ON SWAPS

Sirs:

I am getting tired of hearing hardly anything about Swaps and so much about Nashua.

How about a report on Swaps?

J. HANSEN

Benton, Wis.

● Shortly after his Aug. 31 match race against Nashua, Swaps had his foot operated on, and he has not been raced since. Recently, however, Rex Ellisworth sent the colt into training for a comeback at Santa Anita, and Swaps has been nominated for two soon-to-be-run races: the \$25,000 Santa Catalina (Jan. 21) and the \$50,000 San Antonio Handicap (Feb. 11).—ED.

FAMILY STORY

Sirs:

Once upon a time gentlemen added taste and imagination to the funds required for a fine automobile. Those lovely classic cars in your Jan. 2 issue show the distinguished result of this attitude.

Today a fancy reception will bring out a most monotonous gathering of identical jelly molds on wheels. One cannot tell the hired ones from the privately owned.

Gene are the traditional family colors and combinations, such as Brewster green or deep maroon and black. No more crests, no more proud emblems on the hood, transferred from car to car. Does the man who can afford a prestige car today really want it to look exactly like the one in front of it, like the hired cars in a funeral procession?

Alas and alack if I only had the money instead of the desire. Perhaps a black Mark II with tan Barchant top by Dreyfus, careful carriage vamping and our family's screaming eagle (bought in Paris in 1926 by my father) perched proudly on the hood. Instead, of—ugh—my station wagon.

JESSE NALLE

Philadelphia

THE SEARCH FOR CLASSICS

Sirs:

I want to congratulate SI and Kenneth Hudson on the splendid picture story on classic cars.

The text was hep, the cars elegant and nostalgic. I am sure you have sent scores of would-be classicists into junk yards and onto recluses' estates in search of SI Duesenbergs and Cadillac 16s. That they will have to pay more for them than they would have before your story came out I am sure, for your article has most certainly whetted appetites from Maine to California.

As the first national president of the Classic Car Club of America, I am gratified to see how far and wide classic interest has spread.

GORDON WERNER

Past President

Classic Car Club of America

Rye, N.Y.

HOW TO BONGO

Sirs:

O K., so you told us on a Bongo Board in your article on Shuster Werner's old exercises (SI, Nov. 21). Now how about helping us use it?

The 20 knee bends are duck soup, and one of us will make it one of these days. The family record is 10 knee bends and 10 minutes without grounding the board. How is the jump turn done? Does the board turn with the jump 90° or does the jumper make a 180° turn and leave the board? What other stunts are recommended?

D. E. SCHMIDT

Winston-Salem, N.C.

● Stanley Washburn Jr., inventor of the Bongo Board and fearless airline executive, says: "All the jump turn requires is courage, perfect timing, balance and agility. The trick is to balance the board (which remains stationary), jump into the air and simultaneously make a 180° turn, land back on the board facing the opposite direction and keep balancing." Once Mr. Schmidt has mastered this, he might roll up the rug and try it on a hardwood floor.—ED.

THE LONG, PLEASANT WAY TO LEARN

Sirs:

I read and reread Dr. Long's *Lessons from the Fox* (SI, Dec. 19). I was reared

on a farm and lived there till 30 years old. Spent every spare hour in the field and forest, hunting and fishing, or just studying and loving nature. I kept a pack of foxhounds and ran them often, day and night for 25 years. I have made a close study of the fox, his habits and home life in the wild. Have read and listened to many fantastic tales about what a fox will or will not do. Dr. Long has written the most accurate article on the red fox that I have ever read. He is correct in every detail. He, like myself, gained his knowledge from his close contact with nature. A long but pleasant way to learn. His story is pleasant and interesting to read indeed, but it flashes with a sour note to me, when the squire shoots the fox. We here in the South love the melody of a good pack of foxhounds in full cry, and hate to see a fox die. But times have changed since Dr. Long wrote this fine essay. The average American sportsman has lost his lust to kill as in the old days. We get more pleasure in preserving our game and wildlife. Am looking forward to the other works of Dr. Long as I am sure that they will be good, as all phases of sports covered by SI have been.

WILKES MOORE

Jackson, Tenn.

A MAN FOR THE AGES

Sirs:

In my small library at home my most treasured books are a dozen volumes written by the late Dr. William Joseph Long, Naturalist, historian and educator. Mr. Long was the most wholesome and constructive person I ever knew. His *Brier Patch Philosophy*, written during a period of blindness from which he recovered, belongs to the great books of all times. Walt Disney's marvelous films on wildlife are a projection in our time of the wonders of animal existence so well depicted by Dr. Long at the turn of the century, when to publish the truth about wild animals was a hazardous undertaking. SI is to be congratulated on its rediscovery of a man for the ages.

BILL TOPORCER

Penfield, N.Y.

● For another chapter in Dr. Long's series, see page 33.—ED.



Reverdy

PAT ON THE BACK



HERMANN GEIGER

Walter Sullivan

For landing his ski-equipped Piper Super Cub on "impossible" snow fields and glaciers of the Swiss Alps and rescuing more than 150 trapped and injured mountaineers and skiers (including 20 in the past year), Hermann Geiger, a handsome, 42-year-old flight instructor of Sion, Switzerland, was awarded the Alpine Solidarity medal. On one occasion Geiger juggled his small craft up 13,000 feet through

the sweeping air currents and narrow passes around Pointe Dufour, Switzerland's highest mountain, to come down near the rocky summit, an unofficial record high-altitude landing. Currently the "Flying Saint Bernard" is preparing himself for his annual air drops of food and fodder to snowbound settlements, as well as bread-and-butter ferrying of well-heeled skiers to choice and lofty Alpine slopes.



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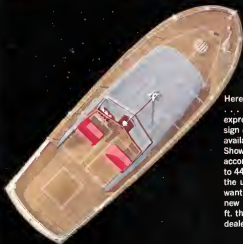
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